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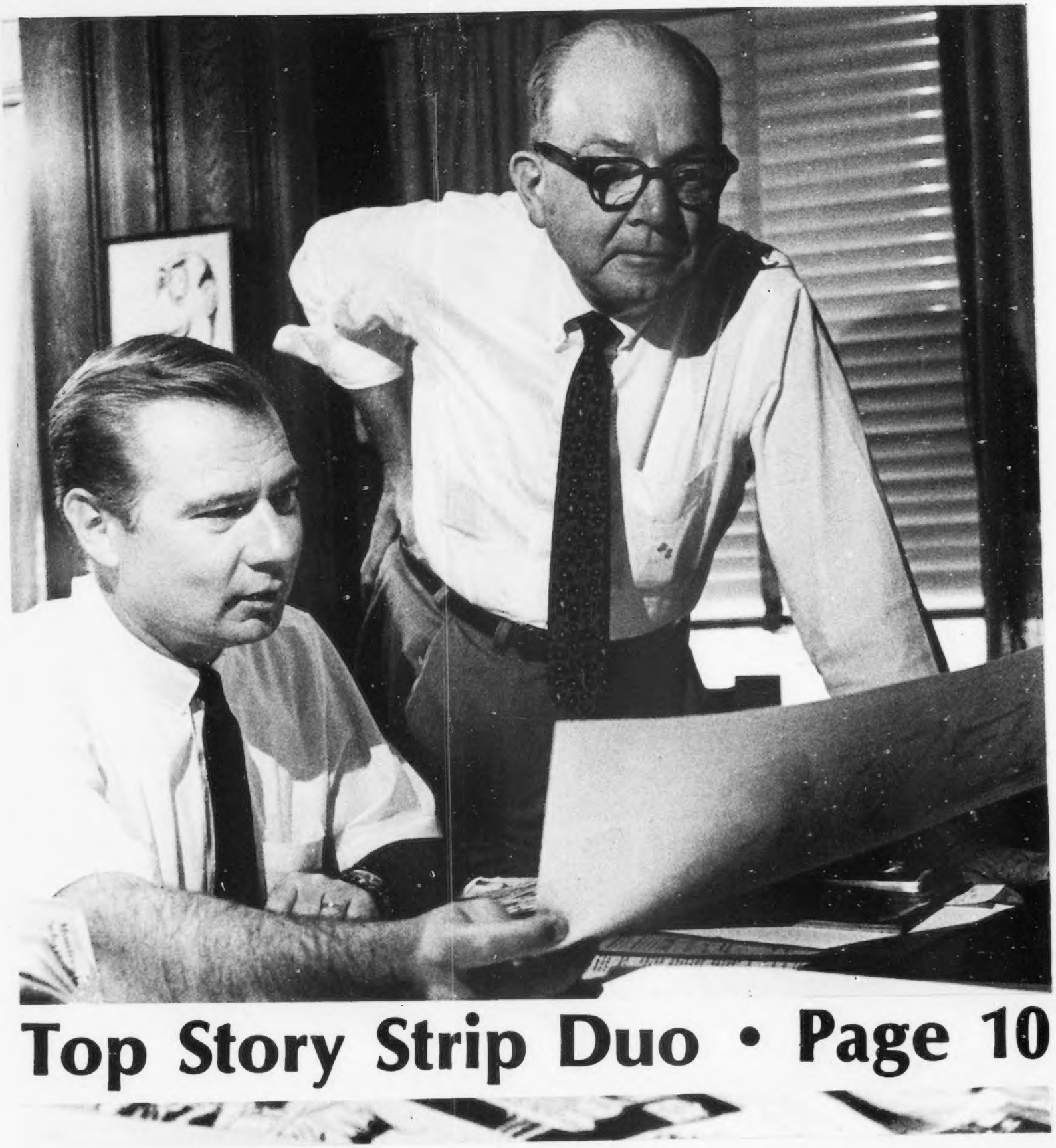

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Top Story Strip Duo • Page 10

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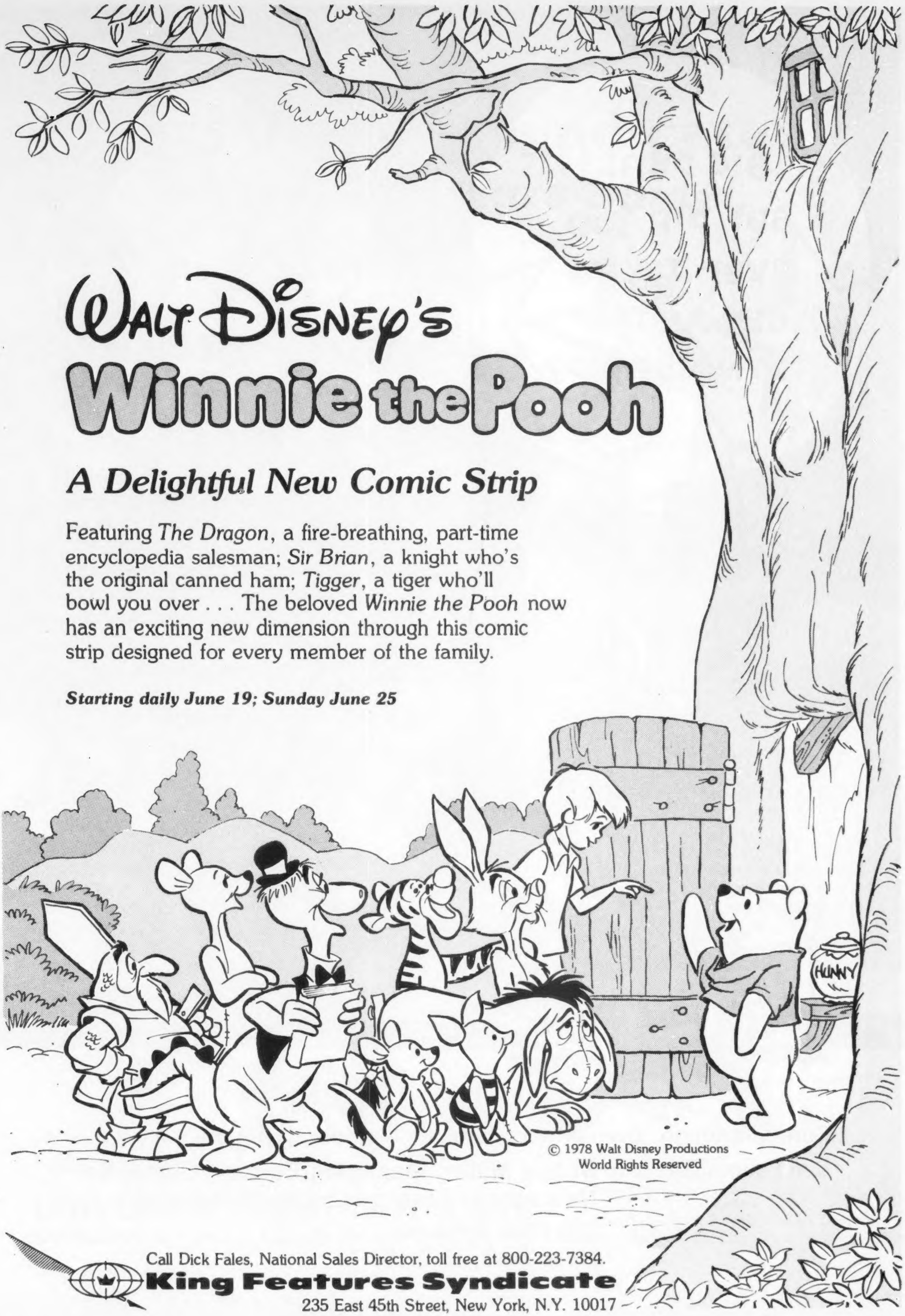

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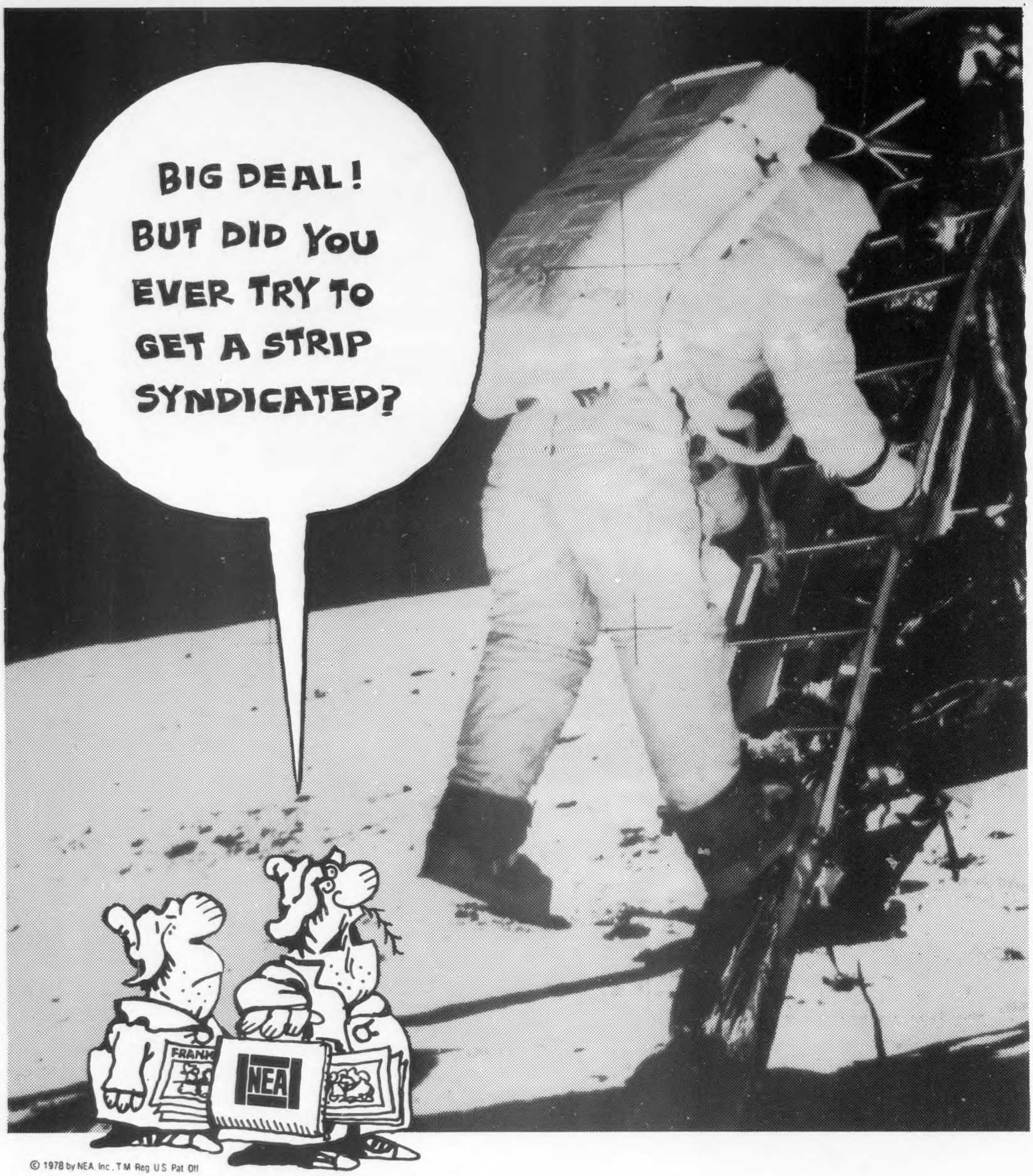

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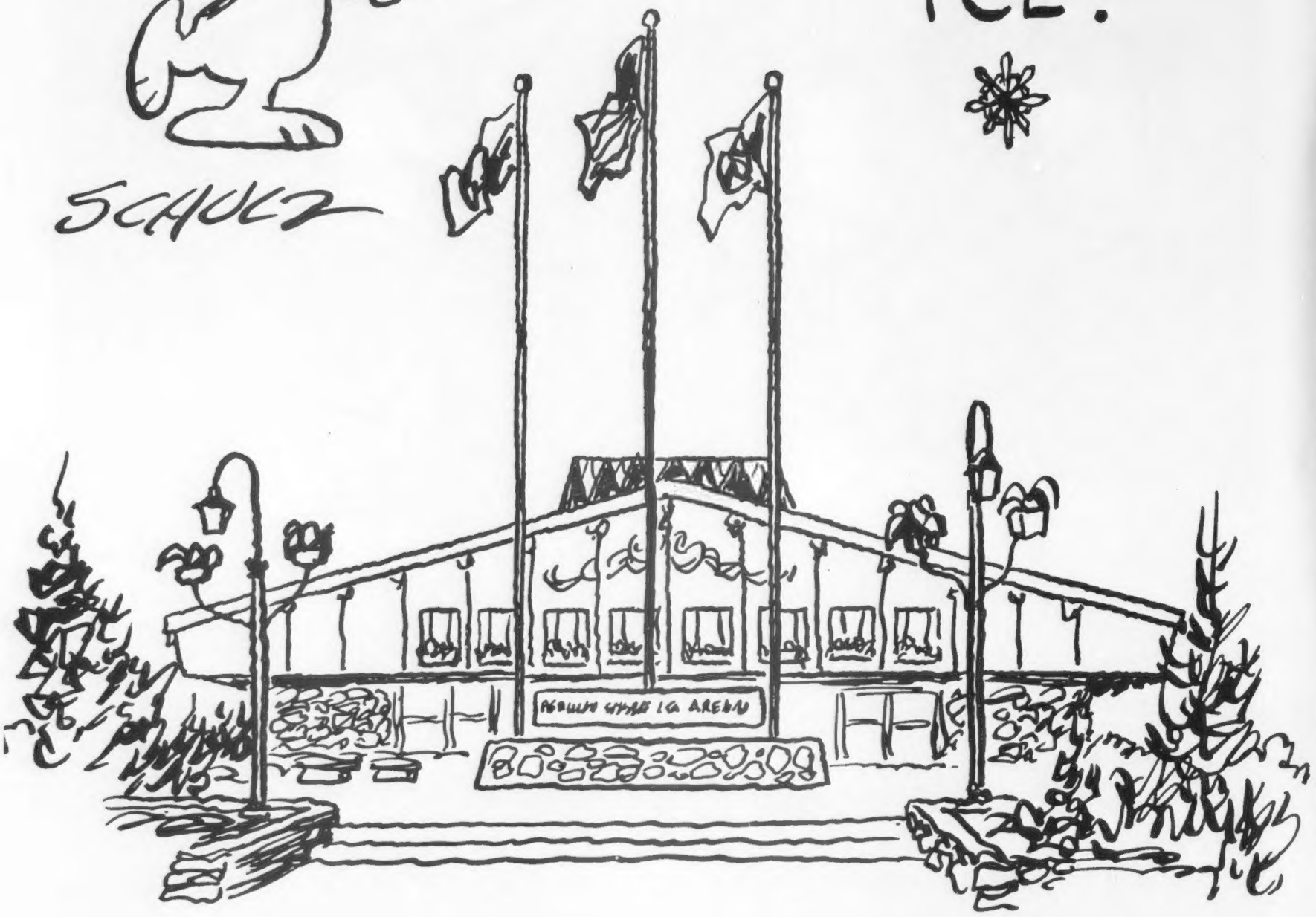

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HAROLD GRAY
5-3-67

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with a bar, but when some of the old-timers around town didn't like the idea of the Sugar Bowl having a bar, he changed the name to the present

The Newark, New Jersey Star-Ledger reports on an appearance by George Gately, the creator of "Heathcliff", the impish tabby cat

CARTOONIST PROfiles

june 1978
no. 38

Editor: JUD HURD

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MARY WORTH

STEVE ROPER & MIKE NOMAD

John and Allen Saunders

This is the first of several conversations with Allen Saunders, and his son, John, who collaborate on the writing of two very successful story strips — 'Mary Worth' and 'Steve Roper & Mike Nomad' — which are distributed by the Field Newspaper Syndicate. The name of Allen Saunders comes to mind immediately as the dean of human-interest story strip writers — and John Saunders, in addition to his work on both of these famous features, is also a well-known writer and TV News personality on WSPD-TV Channel 13 in Toledo, Ohio where both father and son reside. We are reproducing these conversations just as they occurred, with subjects mentioned at random, as was the case during a very pleasant day we spent as the guest of the Saunders duo in Toledo. As they mention here, the 'Mary Worth' strip has been drawn for these many years by Ken Ernst, and the 'Steve Roper' strip by Bill Overgard. Ken Ernst, Jr. also is involved with 'Mary Worth' these days.

MARY WORTH **Saunders and Ernst**

KAREN REPEATS THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HAS LEFT FRANK SHOCKED AND SILENT···
YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON I'VE TOLD, MR. CRAWFORD! BUT I--I'M DROPPING OUT OF SCHOOL!
KAREN! WHY?··· YOU HAVE ONLY A HALF YEAR BEFORE GRADUATION!
···AND AN ALL-EXPENSE SCHOLARSHIP AT STATE U.!
WHY WOULD YOU GIVE UP WHAT WE ARE ALL SURE WILL BE A BRILLIANT FUTURE?
I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY, MR. CRAWFORD!
4-27

Hurd: You've mentioned, Allen, that the naming of characters in a strip can be quite a problem.

Allen Saunders: Yes — one of the great difficulties confronting cartoonists, particularly those who are doing story comics, is the possibility of being sued by somebody whose name you've used for one of your characters. And, if the most unfortunate thing happens, he may happen to live in a town with the same name as your story strip town. So, over the years, we have developed a system we hope is foolproof. It's made possible by the fact that almost every town in the U.S. was named after a family. If you take your zipcode book and look through the states and cities, you're given thousands and thousands of names of families. We select surnames which appear as names of towns, and of course they're also the names of people. But, although it's never been tested by a lawsuit, or libel suit, or invasion of privacy suit, we feel that our method gives us at least a degree of proof that we're not deliberately trying to bring embarrassment upon any person by using his surname. After all it's a name we've picked out of Arkansas, or Illinois, or Ohio. Incidentally, I have a whole file drawer full of letters from people who objected that their name was being used.

John Saunders: Tell Jud about the incident of the orchestra leader.

Allen: We had a story in which the villain of the piece was a leader of an orchestra. I had just seen the play, 'Pal Joey', so automatically I gave this character the name 'Joey'. And, because at that period we were using rather Dickensian type names, I gave the character the surname 'Mandolino'. Well, Ken Ernst, who does the drawing on 'Mary Worth', and who is my very great partner on the strip, said, "That's such a long name — can't you shorten it?" So the name became 'Joe Mandola'. Unbelievably, within a week or two, I got a letter from Texas, on lawyer's stationery, saying that we were being sued for X-number of dollars — I think it was $25,000 — for invasion of privacy, because the name of the lawyer's client was Mr. Joseph Mandola — the leader of the hotel orchestra. This case was typical.

John: In your constant search for character names, you use the same premise you use in naming or training dogs. In the animal training world they have a 'call' name, so that even though a dog is named 'Saint Andre de Bonaventure — da-da-da, etc.', you have to call him 'Andy' if you're going to train him for show work. The same thing is true in the comics — you want the character's first name, particularly if he's a continuing character, to be short. After all, you're trying to confine yourself to no more than a 14-word balloon and you don't want a lot of space taken up with the name. But everybody has to also have a last

STEVE ROPER & MIKE NOMAD **Saunders & Overgard**

IT IS LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT WHEN CORY AND KENT RETURN~
4-29
I'D LIKE TO THINK OF TONIGHT AS THE START OF SOMETHING MORE THAN FRIENDSHIP, CORY!
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'VE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME, KENT!
MA JONGS PLACE
CHINESE FOOD
MAY I CALL YOU TOMORROW?
I'D LIKE THAT, KENT! .. I'LL BE WAITING.'

JOHN SAUNDERS

name and *that's* what gets you into trouble. I remember in 'Steve Roper', when we wanted to bring in a hoodlum type, we picked the name 'Monclova', because, believe it or not, there's a town in Lucas County, Ohio, called Monclova! I have no idea what Monclova was named after, but it was a good name. Of course we half-expected to get a reaction from the Italian Anti-Defamation League which is very touchy, understandably, about the use of any name that has any kind of Italian or Sicilian sound, when that name is attached to a dishonest character. We were prepared to say, "Come to Toledo and we'll drive you 14 miles out of the city limits and take you into Monclova!"

Hurd: Since we're just rambling around in these conversations, Allen, would you mention the reason you think story strips in newspapers are more believable to the average person than a story on television.

Allen: John and I were just talking about that this morning. We speculated that when you see a TV play, you can't help realizing that you're watching an *actor* portraying a part. But in a story strip you don't have that in-between character of an actor — you just assume that Steve Roper or Mary Worth are actual people, and you don't think of them as actors playing a part.

John: Mary Worth is as real in this room as you or I or Dad is. Mike Nomad may be *more* real than any of us because he represents the 'Walter Mitty' in us.

Hurd: Allen, your collaboration with artist Ken Ernst has worked very smoothly, hasn't it?

Allen: We would be completely helpless in creating a story comic without a remarkable collaboration that we get from our artists — Ken and also Bill Overgard. I've been working with Ken Ernst for over 35 years on 'Mary Worth' and no two people could be more closely allied and interdependent than we are. I talk every week with Ken who lives in a little place called Myrtle Point, Oregon. If you'd like to, you can reproduce the pencil interpretations I do of the week's scenario of 'Mary Worth'. These roughs are sent to Ken who looks at them as though he were watching a play rehearsal on the stage. So he has something of an advantage over what would be the case if he merely received a typescript. If there's any question on the meaning of a scene, or its possible direction, we talk it out over the phone. So the collaboration is *very* close.

John: It's better this way than it is when the artist and the writer work in the same studio. In that event, the writer is constantly looking over the other guy's shoulder and saying, "That's not what I had in mind". Or the artist is saying, "I can't do that!" It seems to work out better if you

AUG. 15
MARY WORTH
ANNE! INTERESTING NEWS ON PAGE ONE! HAVE YOU READ IT?
I'M NOT SURE!
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU CONSIDER BIG NEWS, FRANK
A FEW YOUNG WORKERS IN BACKGROUND
THE COUNTY ORGANIZATION HAS PICKED DUNCAN LEEDS TO REPLACE AD MILES IN THE CONGRESSIONAL RACE, ANNE!
I HOPE HE WINS, FRANK! -BUT I DOUBT IF FRAN DOES!
THAT EXPLAINS WHY MRS. LEEDS ASKED ME TODAY HOW I WOULD HAVE FELT IF MY HUSBAND HAD GONE INTO POLITICS!
AT THIS MOMENT, DUNCAN IS MEETING HIS INHERITED CAMPAIGN WORKERS--
SHIRLEY HAS FULL CHARGE HERE, DUNC! YOU'LL FIND HER INVALUABLE!
YOU SAY WE ONCE KNEW EACH OTHER, MISS WRIGHT?
I WAS SHIRLEY WYNNE WHEN WE WERE IN HIGH SCHOOL!
AND YOU WERE TOO PUPULAR TO NOTICE A PLUMP LITTLE FRESHMAN!
THEN WRIGHT IS YOUR MARRIED NAME?
MY DIVORCED NAME! I MARRIED JIM WRIGHT, A CLEVELAND GROCER, WHILE YOU WERE AWAY AT COLLEGE --BUT IT-- DIDN'T WORK OUT
YOUR WIFE, FRAN, WAS MORE FORTUNATE! --AND, TO BE HONEST, I HAVE ALWAYS HATED HER A LITTLE FOR LANDING YOU!
I--UH--SHOULD BE GETTING ALONG TO DINNER! WOULD YOU INTRODUCE ME TO THE OTHER WORKERS?

The Allen Saunders roughs which he sends to Ken Ernst

send the artist the dialogue, which hopefully is sacred, and a suggestion of what you feel the art work should be. The artist may look at it and think, "I like the suggestion but I have a better idea from an artistic, from a composition point of view." I think you come out with a much better product with this latter method. There can be a lot of tension when artist and writer are in the same room. And I think there's another fortunate aspect to the way we work. Both Mary Worth and Steve Roper are written in the American heartland — Roper is drawn in the east at Stony Point, New York and Mary is drawn at Myrtle Point, Oregon, as dad mentioned a few minutes ago. So we have a total geographic mix in the creation of these products. And having spent 30 years in mass communications, I tend to believe this is a very important thing, since the vast majority of the readership is between the Alleghenies and the Rockies.

Hurd: Just to go off on a different tangent for a few moments, Allen, would you say something about your part in bringing about the 'Rex Morgan, M.D.' story strip.

Allen: I was Chairman of the Mental Hygiene Center here in town and we hired a new psychiatrist, at one point, who had just finished his specialty at Ann Arbor. At a board meeting he said to me, "I'm fascinated by what you do for a living. As a matter of fact I'm much more interested in comic strips than I am in psychiatry, and I'd really like to write a comic strip about the history of medicine." I told him, "That's a worthy idea but nobody would read it because people are

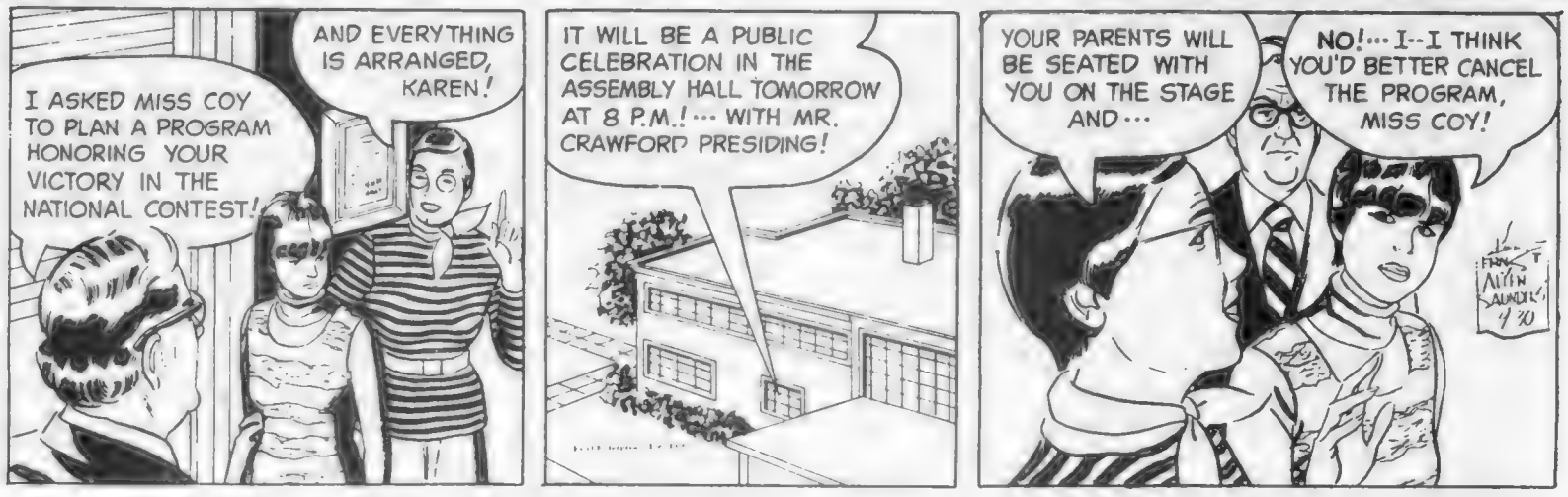
MARY WORTH **Saunders and Ernst**

I KNOW-- WHAT YOU MUST THINK OF ME, MR. CRAWFORD!
TO BE HONEST, KAREN, YOU ARE THE LAST GIRL I WOULD EXPECT TO··· FACE SUCH A PROBLEM!
DO YOU CARE TO TELL ME WHO IS THE FATHER OF YOUR CHILD?
THAT I WILL NEVER TELL ANYONE! I DON'T LOVE HIM!··· IN FACT, I DON'T PARTICULARLY LIKE HIM!
THEN··· WHY···?

I TOLD YOU HOW THE GUYS IN THE BOYS' CAMP OFTEN SWAM ACROSS THE LAKE LATE AT NIGHT TO··· SEE US GIRLS, MR. CRAWFORD!
YES··· I'M AFRAID SUCH CONDUCT COULD HAVE ONLY ONE RESULT!
HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR PARENTS, KAREN?
NO··· I--I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO--TO BRING MYSELF TO DO THAT!
BUT YOU MUST, OF COURSE··· IMMEDIATELY!
GOOD MORNING, MR. CRAWFORD!··· HOW NICE! I CAN TELL YOU BOTH ABOUT PLANS FOR KAREN'S AWARD CELEBRATION!

MARY WORTH

Saunders and Ernst


I ASKED MISS COY TO PLAN A PROGRAM HONORING YOUR VICTORY IN THE NATIONAL CONTEST!
AND EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED, KAREN!
IT WILL BE A PUBLIC CELEBRATION IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL TOMORROW AT 8 P.M.!··· WITH MR. CRAWFORD PRESIDING!
YOUR PARENTS WILL BE SEATED WITH YOU ON THE STAGE AND···
NO!··· I--I THINK YOU'D BETTER CANCEL THE PROGRAM, MISS COY!

STEVE ROPER & MIKE NOMAD

Saunders & Overgard

MIKE HAS TAKEN CORY BACK TO MA JONG'S 4-10
I'M UP T'HERE WITH TRYIN' TO KEEP YOU OUTA TROUBLE, KID!
SO!? WHO MADE YOU MY GUARDIAN ANGEL?
MEANWHILE--KENT FENTON HAS FOUND AN ADDRESS IN CORY'S HAT~
Please return to C. Canfield. Ma Jong's Restaurant.
..HMMM! I JUST MAY DO THAT!

STEVE ROPER & MIKE NOMAD

Saunders & Overgard

LOOK, CORY! .. I DON'T MEAN T'BUTT INTA YOUR LIFE!.. HONEST!
ITS JUST THAT YOU'RE NOSY BY NATURE!..RIGHT, NOMAD?
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME OFF AS A MIXED-UP KID AND FORGET IT?
WELL!..UH..'CAUSE IT ISN'T THAT EASY T'FORGET SOMEONE.. UH..WELL..SOMEONE WHO MEANS A LOT TO ME!

STEVE ROPER & MIKE NOMAD — Saunders & Overgard

"MAY I CALL YOU TOMORROW?" ..."I'LL BE WAITING"... JIST WHAT TH' @M☆!!‡!! IS GOIN'ON, CORY?!!
MIKE?!?
4-25
I AM SORRY!..HONESTLY. I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS SO LATE!
ANSWER ME! EXACTLY WHAT TH' @M☆!! ARE YOU TRYIN'T' PULL?!
WAIT A MINUTE... MISTER!!

STEVE ROPER & MIKE NOMAD — Saunders & Overgard

WHO ARE YOU TO BE LURKING AROUND LIKE A SUSPICIOUS PARENT?!!
I'M THE GUY YOU WERE S'POSED T'HAVE A DATE WITH! -- THAT'S WHO!!
4-26
INSTEAD YOU'RE OUT BILLIN' N'COOIN' WITH A JOKER YUH CLAIM T'HATE!!
AT LEAST KENT TREATS ME WITH RESPECT, MIKE!.. -- THAT'S MORE THAN YOU'VE EVER DONE!

entertained — not enlightened — by comics. But if you can tell a story about a handsome young doctor in his relationships with his various patients — particularly his women patients — you've got it made. Everybody, including Rube Goldberg, has tried to do this, and has failed, because they didn't know anything about medicine. But you *do* know medicine." Well, he came down to my office one afternoon, we talked at length, and I said, "Go ahead and write something." He did, we worked for several months together, the outcome was 'Rex Morgan, M.D.', and the young man's name was Nick Dallis, who has been writing the strip very successfully ever since. Obviously it's important that the person who writes a novel, or any other form of fiction, should have some very basic knowledge of the field that his strip is concerned with.

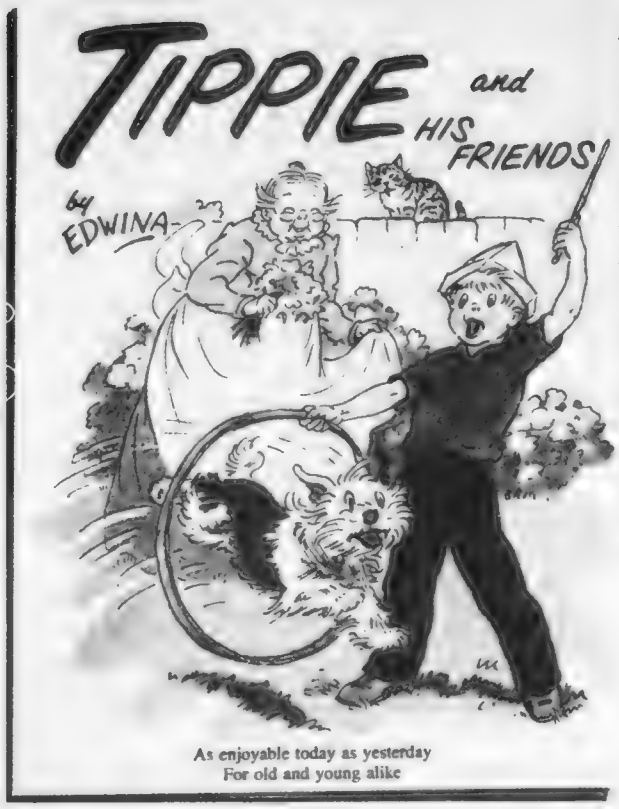
Hurd: Allen, you used to be a French teacher in college — how did you happen to get into the comic strip business?

Allen: From the time I was 4 or 5, comics were an obsession with me. My mother had been a schoolteacher and she taught me to read when I was maybe 4 years old. Dating from this time when I began to read comics, I came to feel that I wanted to be a cartoonist, so eventually I took the famous Landon correspondence course and also did a brief residence study at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. I had some success as a freelance cartoonist and learned that you don't have to sell to The New Yorker in order to have a profitable experience in cartooning. I sold to Plumbers News, Farm Journal, etc. I graduated from Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Indiana and then taught in the Romance Languages Department for 7 years. But during this period, in all my free time, I was doing 2 things — I was drawing every afternoon and peddling to the rather obscure magazines I mentioned, and I was writing detective stories for the pulp magazines. I was, and still am, an addict of this kind of fiction, and since I was getting a training in both the fields of writing and drawing, I suppose it was inevitable that someday I'd be doing story strips. In the early 1920's I thought I was going to be successfully syndicated right away when I sold a very slavish copy of Clare Briggs' 'When A Feller Needs A Friend' to United Features. It was called 'Miserable Moments' and was a failure. But after it folded, I gathered up the panels I had done in advance and sold them to magazines such as The Farm Journal under the altered title, 'Tragic Moments'.

After 7 years of teaching, I had a sabbatical coming, but instead of going on for an advanced degree, I turned to newspaper work. In my senior year in college I had worked on the daily paper in Crawfordsville, and I had worked on the Journal in Chicago during some summers.

By this time I had been married, John had been born, and I began to work on the Toledo News-Bee, doing some drawing and a good deal of writing — mostly humor. Eventually I wound up as the Dramatic Editor on the paper. I was doing this at the time the paper was sold and killed off. During this 12-year period on the News-Bee, probably the most important event was that I met the Art Editor of The Toledo Blade, Elmer Woggon, who suggested that we turn out a strip together. The result was 'Big Chief Wahoo' which had a very successful run.

Hurd: More about this when we continue this conversation in our next issue.



EDWINA

A great many veteran cartoonists, ever since they took their first cartoon courses, have been admirers of the work of EDWINA, who was one of the first women to make a national success of cartooning. Recently we asked her to write something for our magazine and here is her response. Following her thoughts, we're also reproducing an Introduction which Herb Galewitz wrote for Edwina's book "Tippie & His Friends, issued by the Ideals Publishing Corp. in 1975.

Father was an actor for a number of years before his marriage—even starred in his own play at Tony Pastors, but when grandfather became ill, he was forced to return home and manage the family newspaper. Mother loved the theatre and was happy, no matter what the play happened to be—just so long as the curtain went up. Father wrote a number of plays in later years—I typed many of them, and he succeeded in having several produced. His health, however, made it impossible for him to continue.

I drew pictures as far back as I can remember—Aunt Ella saved many of them she said I'd drawn when I was four or five years old. I'd decided upon an art career while I was still in grammar school. But why cartooning? I don't really know. Unless it was because of grandma's oil painting of Pike's Peak with an eagle flying over the top. Father said if the eagle were brought down to earth in proportion, it would have been as big as the State House. Grandma had joined an art class formed by a stranded artist—all of her friends had joined too, and I'm sure other paintings of Pike's Peak must have adorned many a wall in our home town, besides our own. She also painted flowers. One, grandpa always referred to as "Sarah Jane's Masterpiece, the Famous Tiger Lilies". Unknown to her he had entered it in the art exhibit, with full title showing in large letters, at the County Fair, and I think he had something to do with it winning the first prize. Grandma was furious—especially after she read his humorous write-up of it in his paper the next day.

So, perhaps that was why I didn't want to paint in oil and be a great artist. Cartooning looked much easier, and there were a lot more newspapers in Ohio than art galleries—as far as I knew.

I'm sure I never inherited any of my father's acting ability—I freeze before an audience. Altho I did appear in several recitals my music teacher gave, and once brought down the house when I sat down to play, by mounting the piano stool as if it were a pony about to gallop away.

Most artists, I think, while at work mirror on their own faces the expressions they are trying to depict on the faces of their cartoon characters. It's almost impossible for me to draw any expression I can't feel myself—and the same holds true of action. If a character runs, I run, if he dances or turns cartwheels, I do, too. Or the picture will stand still. A friend who is a psychiatrist once told me I got most of my exercise through my drawings.

No well dressed cartoonist should ever be caught without his sketch book. There are too many things to sketch along the way. And if it is too difficult to sketch where you are, as in a bus, it's possible to memorize every detail of your subject, and then rush home at top speed to get it down on paper before it's all forgotten. I have most of my sketches pasted in albums, and they still come in handy today.

So many people have asked me where I got my ideas. Mostly from observation, I think. Friends, neighbors, children, the family, events, situations, newspaper and magazine items—they all contribute. And television, too. When a frail little old lady wins a high-powered motorcycle in a give-away program, it's easy to see grandma winning one, too—and her triumphant and perilous ride down the street. Dogs and cats are always good copy. I once tried a slight-of-hand trick with our little dog, Lillie Jane. She saw thru it immediately, and the contemptuous look she gave me as she walked away, was more eloquent than words. The other night, after a strenuous ball game with a friend's little Yorki, I gave him a drink of the very best bottled spring water. When he went home, he was given tap water. Do you think he would drink it? Never! A little boy friend years ago, when given his choice of two kinds of candy, studied the situation carefully, and then said, "I'll take them mixed". Everything can be worked into an idea. The trick is getting your mind adjusted to thinking along certain lines.

After studying cartooning from the Landon School (a correspondence course) I worked as a political cartoonist on a newspaper. My father, who had been an editor, too, helped me with the ideas. I thought you had to know politics backward and forward, but discovered that reading the current news was enough. When my father suddenly became ill, I was left on my own—but his training had taken root, and I was able to work out the ideas on my own.

When I first began to draw I tried to copy every artist's style I admired. That didn't work. So I tried to mix the styles of various artists and create one of my own. That didn't work either. Eventually I threw all of them away, and just drew a picture to illustrate the point the best I could, without any attempt at style at all. It's the idea that counts most.

Photography has been a hobby of mine for the last few years, and most of the water color portraits I've done have been taken from my photographs. Of course, live models would be much better—less static—but I have little opportunity for that. I do paint from sketches at times.

I studied at the Art Students League when I first came to New York under George Bridgman. I can still see his quizzical smile as he looked up at me from my drawing, just before erasing it completely. I'll bet that is what he'd do today with my water colors. What a magnificent teacher he was. Only a little knowledge of anatomy can make a lot of difference in your drawing.

But there is one wonderful thing about being an artist of any kind that he should be forever grateful for—He will never be bored!

TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By EDWINA

NOW, EAT YOUR BREAKFAST--
WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT BACK TO TH' KITCHEN! DEAR ME, I HOPE HE'S NO WORSE-
WELL, HE DIDNT TOUCH IT!-- I'LL GIVE IT TO TH' CAT--

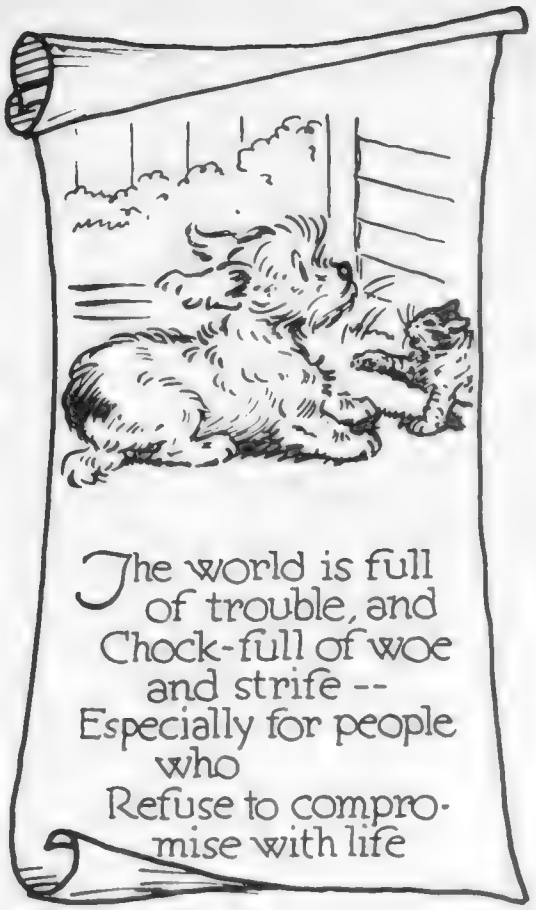
SINBAD

'Sinbad' from 'Life' Magazine

EDWINA

Here are some of the portraits which Edwina does of friends who live near her in New York.

Alec the Great



Alec The Great drawings by Edwina.
Copyright © Edwina
Licensed by Herb Galewitz, Agent

The following mini-biography of Edwina was written by Herb Galewitz, the well-known artists' agent, who is involved in comic character merchandising. It appeared as the Introduction to the book, 'Tippie and His Friends', issued by the Ideals Publishing Corp. of Milwaukee.

For many years Edwina in her quiet but determined way has fashioned an outstanding career as a cartoonist. Critics have acclaimed her comic art through the years, and one in particular, Coulton Waugh, has called her comic strip, *Cap Stubbs and Tippie,* "one of the most vital strips in history." Of course, the public, without any prodding had already taken to its collective heart the appealing dogs and boys that flowed from Edwina's pen.

It all began around the turn of the century in the former Indian village of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Edwina's father, Frank Edwin Dumm, was a former actor and playwright turned newspaperman, and his daughter was attuned to her father's new craft. After graduation from high school in Columbus and completion of a brief correspondence school art course, Edwina landed a job as a political and topical cartoonist with the Columbus *Monitor.*

Young Edwina was ambitious and she soon began to send samples of her work to various newspaper syndicates in the hope of advancing herself. The most encouraging response was from George Matthew Adams who ran an active syndicate in New York. When the *Monitor* went out of business, Edwina packed her bags and headed east. Once in New York, Edwina met with Adams and under his able counseling, the young Ohio girl began developing a new comic feature. After six long months of hard work, Edwina had created her first comic strip, *Cap Stubbs and Tippie.* The year was 1921 and the Adams Syndicate now set out to sell the feature to newspapers throughout the country. The comic grew slowly but surely in popularity and came to be one of the leading lights of the Adams Syndicate. Eventually, as Tippie became more and more celebrated, the title was reversed, with the little dog in the lead and in its last years, in the mid-1960s, the strip was called simply, *Tippie.*

Along the way, energetic Edwina, who thrives on industry, introduced the daily meditative panel, *Alex The Great,* with poetry supplied by her brother, Robert Dennis, who is a professional writer; a weekly cartoon page for the old humor weekly *Life* magazine (yes, there was a *Life* before the picture *Life!*) and the nameless comic was eventually christened *Sinbad* in a readers' "name the comic" contest with the following winning verse: Sinbad / Was in bad / From Trinidad to Rome / And / Edwina's Dog / 'S in bad / Wherever he may roam. The *Sinbad* pages were also printed in the fashionable English periodical, the London *Tattler.* The British were dog lovers, too.

Edwina also illustrated several books for a number of writers including Alexander Woollcott (on a recommendation of Harpo Marx), Burges Johnson and Flora Merrill. When Helen Thomas, a long time friend and musician, composed a number of songs celebrating the antics of Tippie and his friends, Edwina was Johnny-on-the-spot to add her unique artwork to the song folios that were published in the 1940s and 1950s. About the same time, Hearst's King Features Syndicate now undertook the distribution of a Sunday color page of *Cap Stubbs and Tippie* to complement the daily strip.

Alec, Sinbad and Tippie are all closely related to one another in looks and philosophy. The one characteristic that unites all three is that they are "real" dogs. They act and react in the same fashion that pooches, mutts and just plain hounds have done since the canine world became entwined with mankind several centuries ago. There is no artificial sweetness here or the reaching for cute effects. All we have is the basic pleasure of watching a small dog trying to make sense out of a complicated world.

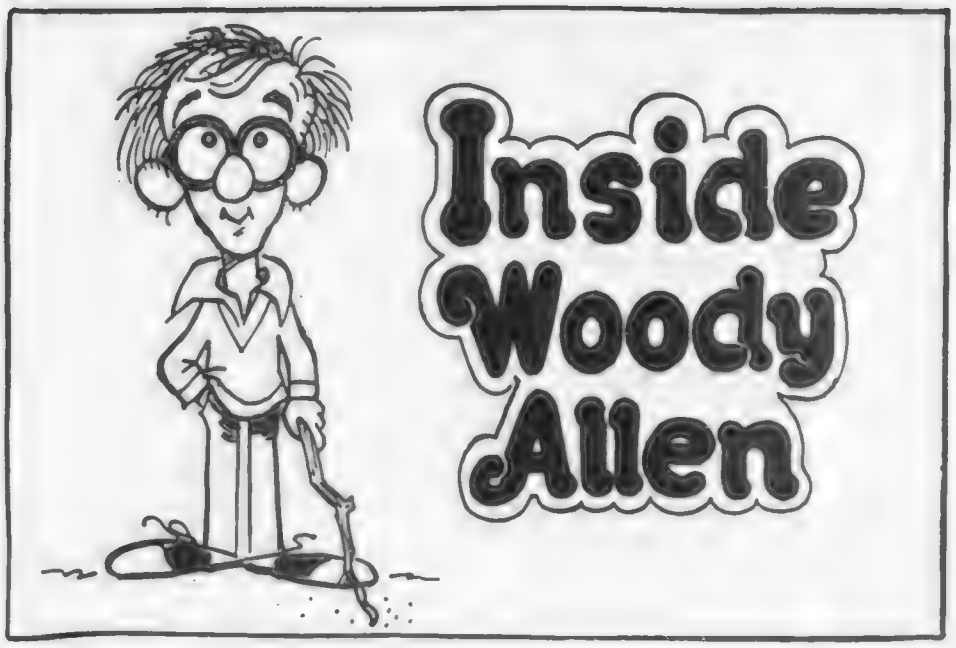
Edwina's art style was influenced by the many popular illustrators of the time such as Briggs and McCutcheon. However, the artist that Edwina is most indebted to for teaching her how to draw animals is Robert L. Dickey, who for many years did a cartoon feature, *Mr. and Mrs. Beans* which is now unfortunately almost forgotten.

The praise for the animals of Edwina should in no wise be a slight to the humans in her cartoons. Cap Stubbs is one of the most memorable of all comic boys. He is prankish without any element of "wise guy." When he speaks, it's with the words of a youngster, without any element of pretension. As for Grandma Bailey, why, she is a creation! When she moves on stage in her true "granny" dress, this behemoth of a woman with pursed lips and eyeglasses at the tip of her nose ready to take umbrage at mischievous Tippie or Cap Stubbs or Sinbad, you just know her bark is worse than her bite. Grandma's huge apron gives her away. Though she may scold, she is also ready to make amends with cookies and milk and sometimes with the ultimate reward, a trip to the local ice cream parlor. Grandma, based on Edwina's own two grandmothers, is a joy.

Today, after a long and successful career, Edwina is concentrating on painting watercolors of interesting people and animals that cross her path. She divides her time between an apartment in New York and a summer home in New *Canaan*, Connecticut.

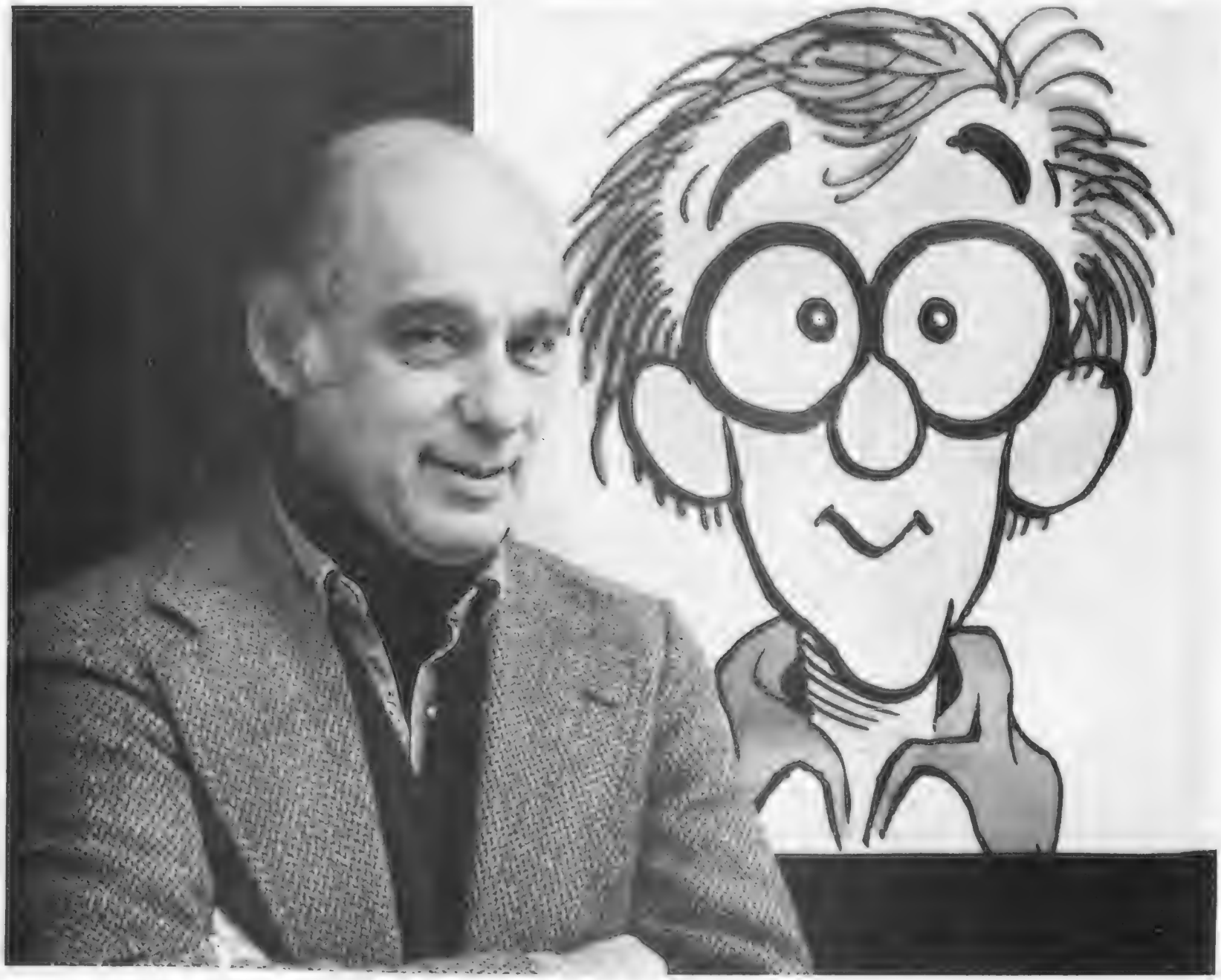
I welcome this long overdue collection of Edwina's work, and I am sure the public will join me in thanking her for the entertainment she has supplied these many years.

Herb Galewitz



In this conversation STU HAMPLE, who draws the 'Inside Woody Allen' comic strip for King Features Syndicate, talks about what it's like to work with a famous comedian such as Woody Allen, and about how they came together in the first place. As our readers will see, Hample has always displayed an enormous amount of initiative in his cartooning career, and he talks freely about some of his projects. He's done an amazing amount of writing and drawing of which the following are just a few examples: Several years ago he wrote the 'Robin Malone' strip which was drawn by Bob Lubbers. 'Children's Letters to God', published by Simon & Schuster in 1967, is still being published and was syndicated by King Features for 8 years. 'Stu Hample's Silly Joke Book', for children, is due out from Dell next fall, and required 91 full-scale illustrations (not cartoons) from Stu. And another one, which will make its appearance before then, is a book based on the Woody Allen comic strip — 'Non-Being and Something-ness'. It contains selections from the comic strip, and in addition, Allen and Hample have added some strips that are a little too philosophical to appear in the newspaper version. They talk about God and Death, and there's a lot of psychology, and a lot of relationships that are fairly intellectual, according to Hample.

STU HAMPLE



® INSIDE WOODY ALLEN

SYMPHONY HALL
THAT CONCERT WAS GREAT!
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I WONDER HOW BACH FELT, CREATING SUCH AWESOME BEAUTY.
1-31
I'VE OFTEN WONDERED THE SAME THING ABOUT SOPHIA LOREN'S PARENTS.
Hample

Q: What's it like working with the famous comedian on the 'Inside Woody Allen' comic strip? Tell us about his thoughts on the feature, how you produce the strip together, etc.?
A: Well, I may give ideas to Woody but he really is the guide of the strip — it's from his life, from his milieu. When I originally talked to him about the idea, he said his life has to do with difficult relations with girls — that he's O.K. if they're just chums but if he tries to score, he tenses up. So we introduced a woman psychologist in the strip. One nemesis to him is the dark-eyed, fiercely predatory, intellectual, female village type — so we have the character, Bella, in the strip. But our Woody character likes girls with elaborate builds and gorgeous long blonde hair and that's the character Laura. Woody's not at all bourgeois, or suburban, or Howard-Johnsony in his attitude toward families, but we wanted a family in the feature. As a result, we have his sister and her husband (who's an insurance man) and their two children, living in the suburbs and Woody visits them, so we get to make an oblique comment on American suburban life — it's 'Blondie' turned inside-out. He's also been in analysis for many years so he suggested we do jokes about psychotherapy.

Q: Do you get together with Woody periodically and discuss things, and make notes on ideas he has, does he write gags, or what?
A: All of these — it happens in many ways. It is indeed a group effort between Woody and me but we do many of those things you mentioned. Of course if there's a collaboration between a famous person and a not-so-famous person, the not-so-famous one always thinks he's collaborating more than he is. We talk, he writes, I write and give to him, and as it comes out, he is the final authority. He is a wonderful person to work with, and though he has total clout, he never is capricious about what he wants. Perhaps he'll say, "This gag feels mediocre to me, and if you can live without it, could we drop it?" and of course I will. If I feel strongly about an idea, I'll question it and we'll discuss it, and if he feels I'm right, or if it needs to be changed, we'll do that. There are two things he demands in every strip: First, it must be funny. Second, the gag must make a viable social comment.

Q: I was going to ask you what method you use to produce a continuous supply of funny material, but now I know what your answer would be.
A: Right — I have a really terrific method — I work with Woody Allen!"

Q: How did you happen to get together with Woody on a strip?
A: Well, I'd known him for years, and a little later on in our conversation I'll tell you how the acquaintance began, but I guess I got the germ of the idea from a comment in Mort Walker's book, 'Backstage at the Strips'. Mort said that Woody's humor ought to be the basis of a good comic strip. Somebody asked me if I thought Woody would do a strip with me and I said I had no idea. But I called Allen's manager and put the question to him. He felt the answer would be negative but offered to talk to Woody about it. After a while the manager called back and said, "Woody says it's interesting and wonders if you'd do some drawings and send them over." I did, Woody liked them, and a meeting was set up. I hadn't seen him in a long time, we talked, and he said, "Why don't you do some jokes?" I did, and then in his modest, modest way he commented, "Gee, perhaps I could be of some help with the jokes." Well, here was the world's best joke writer (in my opinion) saying that he wanted to help! I wanted to say, "OH-WOW!" but I merely said, "O.K." He did, and I did, and we brought the result to King Features, and I guess the rest was kind of comic strip history. We opened with a terrific list of papers.

Q: Among your many cartoon and writing projects, your interest in doing a strip with a well-known entertainment figure is of long standing, isn't it?
A: Right. Around 1944 and 1945, when I was in the Navy, a particular favorite of mine on the radio was Kenny Delmar with his Senator Claghorn character on the Fred Allen Show. I thought the Senator would make a great comic strip character, so I came to New York in my sailor suit from the Submarine Base in New London, slept at the USO on the balcony at Grand Central for 50c, looked Delmar up in the phone book, and went to see him. Kenny took me to Fred Allen who loved the idea of a Claghorn strip. At 19 I wasn't capable of writing a comic strip obviously, so the strip never materialized, but, as I mentioned, I did get to meet Fred Allen and got to see his show at the studio every Sunday night for weeks and weeks. And I got to know Kenny.

Q: At this point we ought to ask you about your life in cartooning before 'Inside Woody Allen'.
A: Well, I've been drawing since I was a preschooler. I wasn't a good athlete and when the

MY SISTER AND HER HUSBAND ARE BRINGING UP THEIR KIDS ACCORDING TO MISTER SPOCK.
YOU MEAN DOCTOR SPOCK.
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BELIEVE ME, IF YOU'VE SEEN THEIR KIDS, AND IF YOU'VE SEEN "STAR TREK"...
2-16
Hample

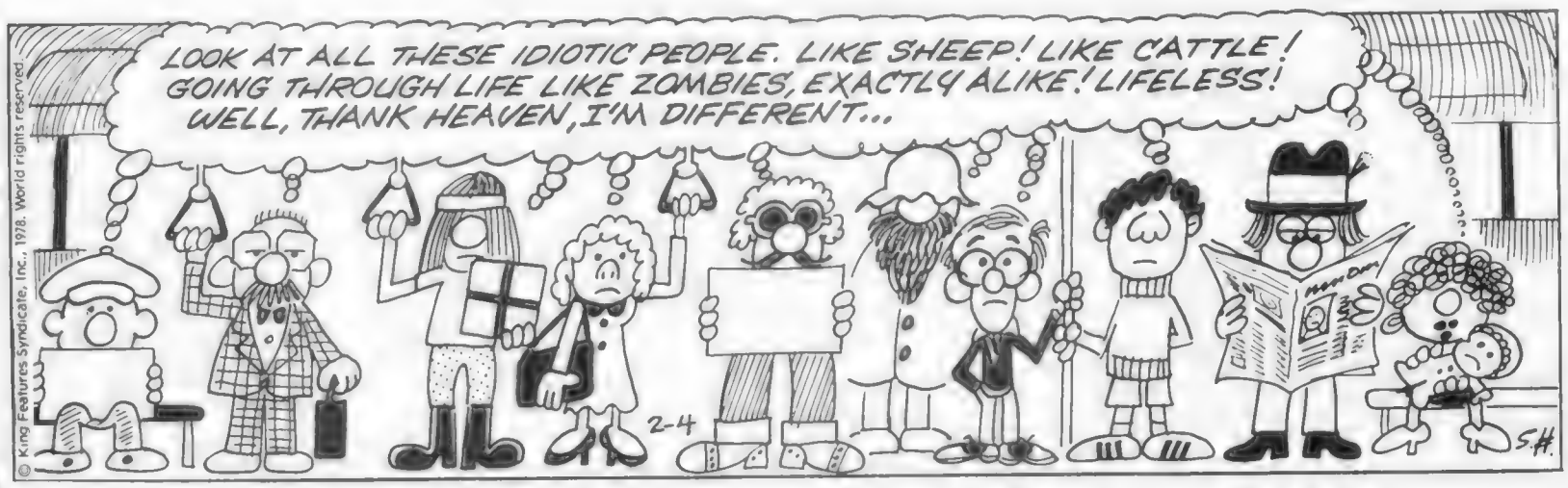
kids on the sandlot next to my grandparents' home were getting up a baseball game either they would choose me last or not at all. I guess I drew pictures to get the attention I couldn't get with macho. I'd ask kids what comic strip characters they wanted me to draw, and then I'd fill their orders. I even put many of these experiences in a book 'Blood for Holly Warner', a young people's novel of mine which was published by Harpers some years ago. My dad was a salesman, a funny Willie Loman, and after I was born in Binghampton, N.Y., we lived in a great many places — Elmira, N.Y. twice, Bradford, Pennsylvania, three times, Cleveland, Ohio, Detroit, Baltimore, Washington, etc. Always being the new kid in schools, I was louder and faster-talking than the others — a teller of jokes. My father was funny and I identified with him. I was a hustler, was always the cartoonist or the art editor of the school paper, and cartooning got me into writing. What made my cartoons go was not that I was such a good artist (although I was O.K.) but I had ideas. And nowadays I would say to any cartoonist, "It's ideas that make cartoons work!"

Q: You had several years of interesting association with Al Capp, didn't you?

A: Yes — I had heard him speak at a meeting, had gone up afterwards and introduced myself, and then later on ran into him one morning at a restaurant in New York. I had been working on Wildroot Cream Oil commercials at the agency at the time and told Capp that I'd love to use Fearless Fosdick in an advertising campaign. He gave me the go-ahead but said, "I wouldn't know how to use him in a strip that wasn't a continuity type of thing — why don't *you* do it?" So I wrote the first Wildroot Fearless Fosdick strip — roughed it out in 3 panels, and then Al rewrote it, shortened it, made it more pungent and better, and added a number of visual things. I gave him ideas for subsequent strips which appeared once a week in newspapers and magazines but Capp really wrote them, or revised them to put things in his own style and in his own words. He was the genius — I roughed them but he drew them. This ad campaign ran for 2 years, and as a result I got to know Capp and went to work for him. I never worked on Li'l Abner but did advertising for Al, and other things such as chauffeuring him in his Jaguar. When they were getting ready for the Broadway Li'l Abner musical, I got to New York from time to time and hung around the theatre. Then when the late Albert Dorne started the Famous Cartoonists Course in Westport, I generally represented Capp at meetings when the course was being set up. I often watched him draw and he was fabulous — such a good artist that people didn't realize what a brilliant writer he was, and such a great writer that they often didn't realize what an artist he was! And what an influence he has had! No question in my mind that the 'Get Smart' TV series came out of Fearless Fosdick, that the 'Beverly Hillbillies' developed out of Abner and Daisy Mae, and that the near-sighted 'Mr. Magoo' came from Weakeyes Yokum ... and on and on! Like so many of us cartoonists, Al had a little round mirror in which he grimaced and assumed various expressions that he transferred to the strip. I once asked him, "How do you get your ideas for stories?" He replied, "There are only a few stories, son — love, death, riches, poverty, and the quest!"

Q: You mentioned previously that you've always been a teller of jokes. I know you've visited hundreds of clubs, listening to comedians do their stuff, and I think our readers would be interested in how you made personal contacts with some of these entertainers, and how you eventually came to know Woody Allen.

A: Well, around 1954 I was doing a TV show in Buffalo — 'Cartoon Capers' on which I drew cartoons. Wildroot Cream Oil was my sponsor. My TV director, Frank Buxton, was a very funny guy who wanted to become a comedian so I wrote some material for him and took him around to friends' homes where he would perform the stuff. Then, by chance, one time when I was in Chicago, I went to see Mike Nichols and Elaine May perform at a furniture show. At one point in their act, Mike announced that they were going to do


LOOK AT ALL THESE IDIOTIC PEOPLE. LIKE SHEEP! LIKE CATTLE!
GOING THROUGH LIFE LIKE ZOMBIES, EXACTLY ALIKE! LIFELESS!
WELL, THANK HEAVEN, I'M DIFFERENT...
2-4
S.H.
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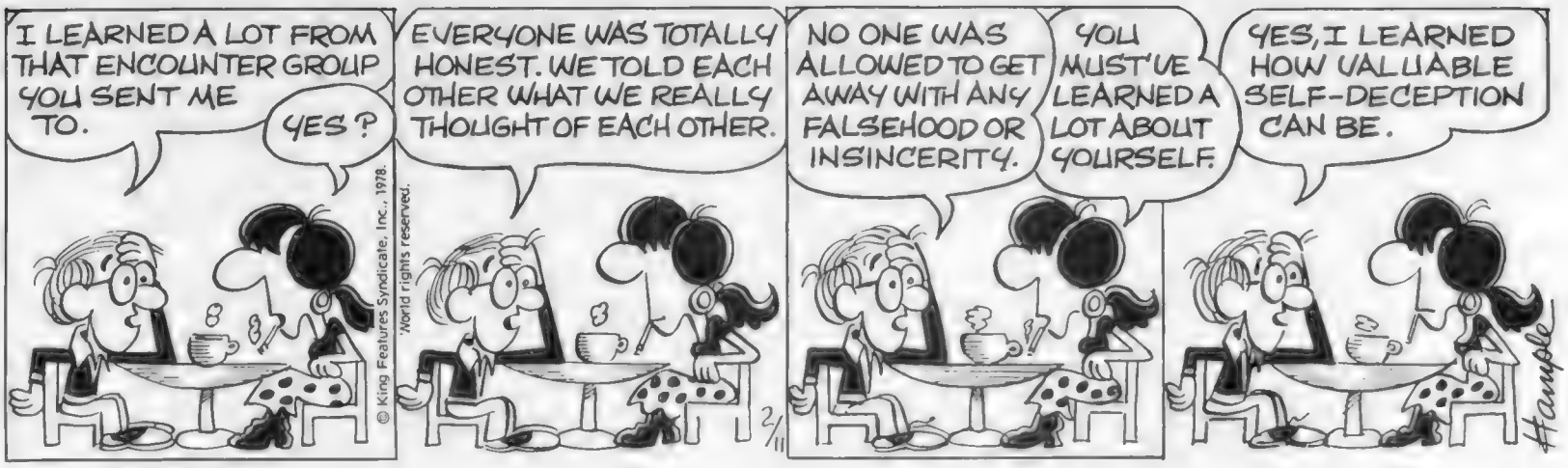
I LEARNED A LOT FROM THAT ENCOUNTER GROUP YOU SENT ME TO.
YES?
EVERYONE WAS TOTALLY HONEST. WE TOLD EACH OTHER WHAT WE REALLY THOUGHT OF EACH OTHER.
NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO GET AWAY WITH ANY FALSEHOOD OR INSINCERITY.
YOU MUST'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT YOURSELF.
YES, I LEARNED HOW VALUABLE SELF-DECEPTION CAN BE.
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2/11
Hample

an improvisation. He asked for someone to suggest an opening line (anything at all), a closing line, and someone else could suggest a style in which a skit would be done (anything from Shakespeare to Porky Pig). Some drunk suggested an opening line which wasn't very inspiring, and then, after an intermission, I gave them this line, "Madame, if you get one more drop of chicken fat on my Bible, I shall have you ejected from the Andalusian rooms of the Audubon Society for life!" There was an enormous burst of laughter in the room, and when it died down, Mike said, "Could you repeat that?" I repeated it and more laughter broke out. They did the scene and I met them afterwards. We sat and talked till 5 in the morning, drew cartoons on the tablecloth, and I talked about my friend the TV director. That's when I asked if Elaine would introduce him and me to their manager if we came to N.Y. She was very agreeable, and later the manager, Jack Rollins, did take my friend, Frank Buxton, on as a client. Then, some years later, I began to hang around with Rollins at night when he'd make the rounds of various nightclubs watching his clients work. It turned out that he managed Woody Allen who was then one of the writers on the Garry Moore show. He was in his mid-20's, making a lot of dough, but he decided the show wasn't funny, that he didn't like what they were doing with his material, so he quit. Rollins told him, "If you want to have your own material done right, why don't you get up and perform yourself?" Woody's a terribly shy person and he said he couldn't do that. But the agent

SHAME, HEYWOOD! YOUR APARTMENT IS A MESS!
CLOTHES ALL OVER!
COBWEBS!
DUST!
DIRTY DISHES!
I'LL STRAIGHTEN UP...
DON'T BOTHER, MOM...
...THE MAID COMES IN 3 WEEKS.
Sartre
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1-17
Hample
UNCLE WOODY, HOW D'YOU TELL A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER?
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2-18
YOU GO UP TO HER QUIETLY AND SAY, "MRS. SPIDER, I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU..."
Hample

Woody Allen with J. F. D'Angelo, President of King Features Syndicate.

persuaded him and Woody did begin playing at places such as 'The Bitter End' in N.Y. To begin with, he worked for nothing, then later was upped to $50 a week. (Naturally, his income had been in the thousands as a writer). Mother-in-law jokes were big then and audiences weren't familiar with his kind of material — this intricate, kind of interior monologue — very, very delicate psychiatric stuff, and there wasn't always a lot of laughter. I watched Woody many times when he didn't get laugh s and then would be upset about it. When he'd ask Jack Rollins what the matter was, Jack would tell him, "You were fighting the audience." Woody would say that they made him angry, and that they were fighting him — and daring him.

Then Rollins would come back with, "Of course they will. They have to get to know you and like you before they will laugh at your jokes. Otherwise they'll feel hostile. And if you feel that hostility, you're giving hostility back and then you're fighting. What you must do is to go out with supreme confidence. If they think you're frightened, they'll hate you for it, and they want you to be a winner. "Well, I watched Woody grow from an anxious young performer to one who might still have been a bit anxious, but who concealed the fact from audiences very well. After the show sometimes he and I would walk around and talk since in those days he wasn't a celebrity and one could walk on the street with him. That's no longer possible — he has to drive in a car or wear his hat down, and people even recognize the hat now.

Q: Now that "Annie Hall" has won four Oscars — Best Screenplay, Best Picture of the Year, Best Director, and for Diane Keaton, Best Actress — I suppose being in public is worse than ever for him, isn't it?

A: "Worse — or better — according to how much one wishes to be recognized as the preeminent wit of our times. We did a strip which explains it perhaps better than anything I could tell you!"

WITH THESE DARK GLASSES AND THIS FLOPPY HAT, NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME...
SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOT A SINGLE PERSON HAS YET DETECTED WHAT LURKS BEHIND THIS FACADE...
I'VE DONE IT. I'VE MADE IT HERE WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED...
DR. BOBICK
I'M SO LONELY... NOBODY TALKS TO ME...
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11-9

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Edited by
CHARLES BROOKS

Foreword by DRAPER HILL

The Ward Castle, new home of the Museum of Cartoon Art, is a 100 year old engineering marvel, the first reinforced concrete building in the world. It is on the National Register of Historic Places and the Museum received a $30,000 grant to help buy it. The entire building, roof, walls, floors and stairs is concrete, making it absolutely fireproof, except for the wood panelling and contents. It was built in 1875 by an industrialist and inventor, William E. Ward. His son, William L. Ward, became the most powerful political boss in the country and was lampooned by such renowned cartoonists as Rube Goldberg and Winsor McCay. (Drawing by John Cullen Murphy, "Prince Valiant")

THE CASTLE!

by Mort Walker

EVER HEAR THE STORY ABOUT THE CASTLE?

Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think some day I'd be running a cartoon museum. I collected originals from the time I was eight and had cartoons on my walls all my life but there was never the burning desire to devote my life to scraping paint and fund raising. Dik Browne and I were in Jamaica at an NCS golf tournament in 1963 when the idea of a cartoon museum first took root. "There ought to be a museum for cartoons," I said in the middle of one of Dik's better lunges. "Uh-huh," Dik replied, as I sank a 40 foot putt.

It all seemed so simple in the beginning. We'd do it the American Way, form a committee. That was the easy part. We got the cream of the crop, Rube Goldberg, Karl Hubenthal, Gene Basset, John Milt Morris, Al Smith, Art Wood, Walt Kelly, John Stampone, Bill Sanders, Milt Caniff, Hal Foster, and Bob Dunn.

The rest of the plan was the problem: get a foundation to put up the money, buy a building, and hang up some cartoons. After five years of pleading with foundations, corporations and the government, there was no money, no building and soon there was no committee.

Good things seem to happen on golf courses. I was sitting next to Milton Kaplan at a golf tournament. Milton was then president of King Features, a Hearst corporation. "The Hearst Foundation should back the cartoon museum," I told him. After all, Hearst was practically the creator of the comic strip and had made a lot of money on strips in the past 75 years. Milton agreed and we began our lengthy negotiations with the top brass at Hearst. At the same time we looked for a building.

That's when we discovered zoning. Zoning is a philosophy that boils down to, "I'd love to have a Museum...in someone else's neighborhood." We ran into zoning restrictions at every turn.

Milton Kaplan died suddenly. Our sadness was made deeper by the thought that our project had died, too. When Joe D'Angelo was eventually named his successor, we found we had a new, even more enthusiastic, supporter. Joe has worked continually raising funds all over the world. Not only did he get our "seed" money from Hearst, he got another grant from them later to help buy our castle.

Finally, my wife, Jean, found an old mansion in Greenwich, Conn., we could rent that was zoned for a museum. Jack Tippit came on as director and Brian Walker (#2 son) and Chuck Green were hired as curators. Their first duties as curators were sweeping, plastering, painting and trying to get the 75 year old Mead mansion back in shape after being empty and neglected for over 20 years. Fire alarms, walls and doors had to be added. Plumbing and electrical work had to be done. Contributions began to pour in. The Museum of Cartoon Art was finally a reality.

There were growing pains for the first two years as we struggled to hold down costs and yet try to do all the things everyone expected of us. Understaffed and underpaid, the spirit that kept the staff going was a dedication to the idea that it was worth doing. Established museums were not collecting cartoons and we saw many masterpieces of cartoon art being destroyed...actually thrown away. Yet, this was America's one true art form. We created the comic strip, the comic book, animated cartoons...the cartoons that are loved in every country in the world. They were recognized as an art form in many other countries, but not here. We felt there should be at least one museum in America exhibiting and preserving our most popular art. The public felt so, too. The response was heartening.

When our lease came up for renewal after two years we were hit with the bombshell. The owner would not renew or sell. All our work and expense was apparently down the drain. Amid a feeling of defeat and despair, we picked ourselves up, dusted off our dedication and vowed we'd keep going.

Back to zoning again, our favorite pursuit. We launched a search from Boston to Washington, D.C. for a new home. Days were spent inspecting buildings in New York. There was nothing we liked or else we couldn't afford it. Little by little we began to form an idea of the perfect type of place for the Museum. It should be in Westchester County, N.Y. or Fairfield County, Conn., the area that has the greatest concentration of cartoonists who we could call upon for talks, drawings and other help. The building should be charismatic, photogenic, an attraction in itself. It should be a *castle!*

You'd be amazed at how many castles there are in this area. We saw one where Washington Irving had acted as teacher to the owner's children. We groped through a spooky 60-room castle in the rain with no lights led by a caretaker who dragged one foot. We saw some beautiful $300,000 jobs we couldn't afford, with imported carved wood walls from Scottish priories and towers that took

Photo by C. Christopher Semmes

One day a reporter for a newspaper in Greenwich, Connecticut asked Mort Walker, "How do you feel about having your own museum?" Mort replied, "I feel like jumping up and clicking my heels and sliding down the bannister!" Whereupon a photographer posed this shot of Mort (L) and Jack Tippit, Museum Director.

your breath away. We made some bids and had some zoning hearings and lost every time.

When we found the Ward Castle, the real estate agent was reluctant to take us inside. "Enter at your own risk," she said. "There are leaks and falling plaster and generally unsafe conditions." No-one had lived in it for over four years. Vandals had broken windows and stolen drainpipes. Hippies had lived in it, building fires in the middle of the living room. An arsonist had burned down the five car carriage house to celebrate the 4th of July. The roof leaked and some rooms could have accomodated ice skaters. A family of skunks resided in the cellar. It was not what you would call A-1 condition. Perhaps not even X-3974.

Looking past the rubble we could see a solid building. We had an engineer go through and give us a report. "Structurally sound," was his verdict. "Needs repair." And he handed us ten pages of repairs.

Our first approach was to suggest to the owners that they could donate it to us, get the old place off their hands, and take a nice tax deduction. "We've had a lot of offers like that," we were told wearily. We tried an offer of $40,000, the value of the land alone, and were turned down. It was time to get serious. We figured the top limit of what we could afford and offered $70,000 for 1½ acres, the castle and a caretaker's cottage. It was accepted. We had a new home. Almost.

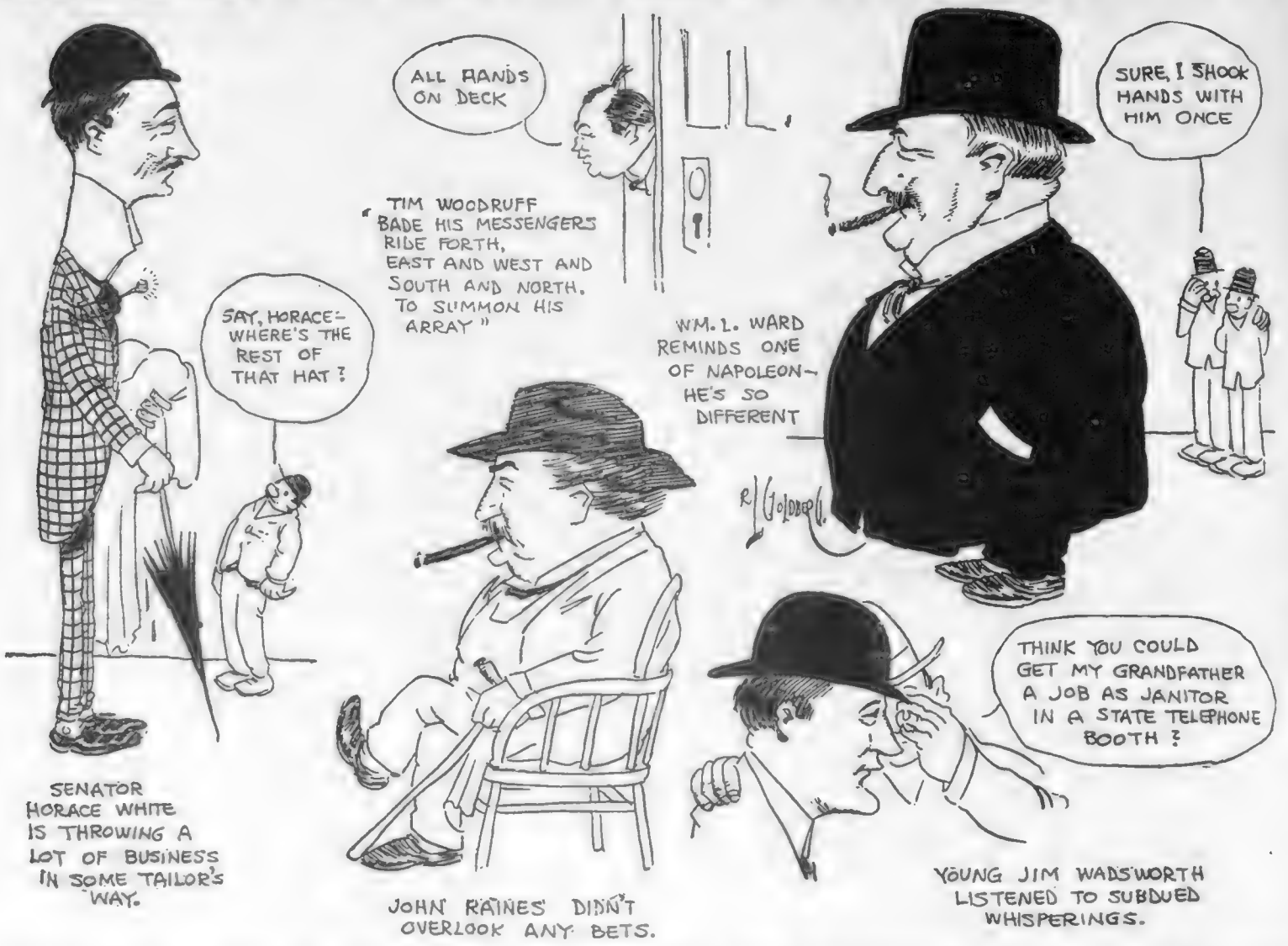
Before any papers could be signed, one of the joint owners died, throwing the whole estate into the hands of a group of bankers, lawyers and other trustees. Committees like that seldom get out of breath from moving too fast. It was six months before they would deign to accept our money. I was beginning to wish Dik Browne had kept his "Uh-huh" to himself. We emerged from the Bankers Trust Building on Park Ave. with our lawyer, Ted Coyer. Ted has seen us through all our zoning hearings, contracts, leases, incorporation, closings, and other legal matters for no fee. He said philosophically, "Let's go have a drink." We walked to the men's bar at the Waldorf and emerged two hours later into the sobering shock of reality that we now owned a 100 year old castle that needed ten pages of repairs.

We called contractors. Most of them knew the old place and its problems and wouldn't come near it. We only got one bid on the renovation. It would cost us more than the purchase price. We decided to do the work ourselves, sub-contracting only the jobs we couldn't do. My son, Brian, took over as boss-man and chief scraper. He hired a few professionals like plumbers, electricians and roofers, but most of the work was done by him and his buddies...the plastering, painting, carpentry and cleanup. He got gangs of volunteers to carry tons of debris and pitch in on the scraping and scrubbing. One young friend dangled by a rope from the five story turret to paint the outside window frames. One volunteer got hit by falling plaster and needed two scalp stitches. For three months the scene was melee and Brian lived in it.

There were many unique problems to solve like getting wires through 18 inch solid concrete walls. The answer was, "You drill a lot." There were ornamental plaster decorations they had to make casts for and wood panelling they had to match by bleaching with clorox. They found the easiest way to repair large holes in plaster was to cut out sheets of plywood the shape of the holes. If they ran into a particularly sticky problem they referred to books at night or called around for advice till they solved it. After it was done, a professional contractor looked and confessed he could not have done the job as well. And they did the job at *half* the original estimate. We are indebted to these intelligent and energetic young men.

My only complaint is that after carrying my share of the debris *out* and the furniture *in*, I didn't lose any weight.

Our deadline for the renovation was Nov. 12, the date of our castle-warming party. Jean and I would wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. All those people coming to the party and


HIGH LIGHTS AT THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.
ALL HANDS ON DECK
TIM WOODRUFF BADE HIS MESSENGERS RIDE FORTH, EAST AND WEST AND SOUTH AND NORTH. TO SUMMON HIS ARRAY"
SAY, HORACE— WHERE'S THE REST OF THAT HAT?
SENATOR HORACE WHITE IS THROWING A LOT OF BUSINESS IN SOME TAILOR'S WAY.
WM. L. WARD REMINDS ONE OF NAPOLEON— HE'S SO DIFFERENT
SURE, I SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM ONCE
JOHN RAINES DIDN'T OVERLOOK ANY BETS.
THINK YOU COULD GET MY GRANDFATHER A JOB AS JANITOR IN A STATE TELEPHONE BOOTH?
YOUNG JIM WADSWORTH LISTENED TO SUBDUED WHISPERINGS.

Caricatures by Hall of Famers, Rube Goldberg and Winsor McCay, of William L. Ward, the castle-builder's son and political boss of Westchester County for over 30 years. Perched in his castle-fortress, Ward ruled over his dominions as a modern-day despot, rubbing elbows with Presidents, making political deals in smoke-filled rooms, heeding no authority but his own, little-knowing that his magnificent mansion would someday house the likes of Little Orphan Annie and Mickey Mouse.

the place was still an absolute shambles. "Will we make it?" I asked Brian. "Don't worry. I've got it all scheduled," he answered, waving an indecipherable sheet of notes before me. The day before the party I stood in the front hall full of ladders and other uncivilized objects moaning, "We didn't make it!" Brian calmly ate his sheet of notes. "I think we'll make it," he gulped.

And did he ever make it! Our castle-warming guests (at $100 a person) arrived to find everything under control: Formally dressed parking valets, the castle resplendant with floodlights and cartoon banners fluttering from the turret, a multitude of servants (some of them looking strangely like the painters and carpenters working there a few hours earlier) supplying food and drink and a distinguished representation of cartoonists, syndicate and corporate executives. *The New York Times* and *People* magazine gave the party full page spreads. One guest said, "This is the most glamourous party I've ever attended." As for myself, the most exciting part of the evening was that we raised $25,000 to pay off half of the $50,000 loan we made for the renovation.

Moving your home is always a pain. But when you have the world's largest collection of cartoons (over 40,000 originals), a theater, a library, a gift shop with hundreds of books in inventory, five offices, and 200 display panels, it makes you wish you were a cartoonist instead of a museum volunteer. As always, we call on our friends and family, rent a truck, form an ant line and start carrying stuff. Thirteen truckloads and we were in our new home.

Now that it's over, it all seems worth the effort. The castle is a perfect home for cartoons. You come in the entrance and you are greeted by a life-sized figure of the Yellow Kid directing you into the gift shop. You pay your entrance donation of $1 for adults (50¢ for students) and start your tour.

The gift shop is a wood panelled room with marble fireplace, built in bookshelves and showcases full of books, toys and cartoon products for sale. There is also a display of original drawings our friends have donated to sell and raise funds for the Museum. (We never sell cartoons from our archives.)

You then enter the main hallway with its 15 foot ceiling, chandelier, grand staircase and 7 foot gold-trimmed Venetian mirror. The floor is marble and the heavy woodwork is carved walnut with inlaid maple. The newel post is Mexican onyx.

The largest room you enter next houses an historic exhibit of cartoons from the past 100 years, early drawings from Puck and Harpers, a section of Pulitzer Prize winning editorial cartoonists, a history of cartooning and a large display of old funny pages. The floor is carpeted by a special comic strip design donated by Bigelow. Under the crystal chandelier, in front of the white sculptured mantel sits our "typical" cartoonist working away at his cruddy drawing board in his shorts. The paper mache figure was made by Joni Johnson and is one of the favorite spots for photographers in the Museum. People are invariably startled by him when they round the corner and it always evokes a laugh.

Recently Jack Tippit was working in his office at his drawing board when a group of two women and several children wandered in his door, looked at things on his wall and finally stopped in front of his desk. "Oh, look! This one *moves,*" one of the ladies exclaimed.

Continuing your tour, the next room you enter is our Hall of Fame. There are eighteen of the most famous cartoonists of all time selected by a national jury of authors, collectors, college professors and authorities on the art. In this room is our prized possession, a large full color drawing of the Yellow Kid by Outcault. We have been offered $15,000 for this drawing but refused it because so many people come here to see it. Other members of the Hall of Fame are Roy Crane, Walt Disney, Hal Foster, E.C. Segar, Rudolph Dirks, George Herriman, Winsor McCay, Thomas Nast, Rube Goldberg, Bud Fisher, Walt Kelly, Alex Raymond, Billy DeBeck, Charles Dana Gibson, Frederick Opper, George McManus, and

THE $11,000 SWAMP WESTCHESTER COUNTY BOUGHT FOR $90,000
LET'S BUY IT! No. 1
LET'S BUY IT! No 2
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WARD
THE BARRETT BOYS
HENRY WILLIAM EDWARD P
WINSOR McCAY

WHEN William L. (Three-Ideas-a-Minute) Ward, Republican Boss of Westchester County, sets out to do some **HEAVY** thinking, as shown in the above picture-editorial, and to shed some tears, "for the Westchester kiddies," the tears are those that tear **AT THE PURSE STRINGS**, not the heart strings, of Westchester taxpayers.

The latest pathetic incident, revealing Boss Ward's lacrymose tenderness for the unhappy people of Westchester, has been brought out by Mr. Samuel Untermyer in his investigation of the Westchester land deal. It will be recalled that Henry Barrett, his sub boss, told how broken hearted Ward was when he found the kiddies in Westchester didn't have enough parks, and how Ward said he frequently had "THREE IDEAS A MINUTE."

Now we learn that W. G. Barrett, the real estate brother, actuated by the same tenderness, no doubt, sold to the county **FOR** $90,000, swamp lands that only a year before had been purchased **FOR** $11,000, and that Supervisor Edward Percy Barrett, another brother, was the one who drew up the papers in the transaction.

Day by day the story of the land deals in Westchester County is becoming more and more heart rending.

Who is there so lacking in sentiment that he cannot imagine Boss Ward surrounded by the three little Barrett boys standing on the edge of the swamp and gazing into the bulrushes; then bursting into tears and exclaiming:

"JUST THE PLACE FOR THE KIDDIES."

Jimmy Swinnerton.

Across the hall from the large room is our theater. Formerly the dining room, it too has a chandelier, fire place, large mirror, crystal sconces and fancy woodwork. One hundred people can be seated for meetings, lectures, or film showings. We have 22 reels of half hour film composites . . . early classics, experimental films, tv ads . . . from which viewers can make requests. The theater is always filled.

Upstairs is the director's office and three more rooms for contemporary and special exhibits. There is a large library with elaborate Victorian woodwork. Three other rooms and the kitchen area are closed to the public.

The third floor houses our archives, a workroom for preparing exhibits, a dark room with our copy camera and processor, and the president's office in the turret section. The fourth level is another turret room which will not be open to the public. Fifth level is storage and above that is the "top-o-the-turret". It has a view of the New York City skyline on one side and a 30 mile vista of the Connecticut countryside and Long Island Sound on the other.

There is a large kitchen with a restaurant sized stove, a full cellar with a steam bath and a two-room walk-in vault. The whole house is now wired with fire and burglar alarms tied into the fire and police stations.

The Museum functions on many levels to serve the public and the professional. We have research files of cartoonists' biographies and articles for authors' and students' use. Photo copies of articles and artwork can be purchased. We are in our fourth semester of cartoon instruction of college accredited courses with weekly sessions. Top cartoonists lecture and appraise work. Tutoring is also available and a correspondence course is planned . . . also seminars.

On the first Sunday of every month a celebrity cartoonist does his thing. Some talk, some draw, some have slide shows, some just do their regular work with people looking over their shoulder. Whatever they do, we have our largest crowds on that day and parking space is at a premium. Cartoonists who have made appearances are Dik Browne, Mel Lazarus, Bud Sagendorf, Rowland Wilson, Tom Gill, Tony DiPreta, Bob Dunn, Will Eisner, Gill Fox, Bill Brown, Mel Casson, George Wolfe, Don Orehek, Lee Lorenz, Henry Boltinoff, Warren King, Paul Webb, Alfred Andriola, Dick Hodgins, Roy Doty, Dick Wingert, John Cullen Murphy, Bill Gallo, Eric Gurney, Charles Saxon, Gil Kane, Stan Drake, Jerry Dumas, Bob Gustafson, Harvey Kurtzman, Burne Hogarth, Neal Adams, and Ted Shearer.

Meetings of the National Cartoonists Society, the Comics Council and other art groups have been held. A small charge is made for the use of the rooms and catering, bar facilities, and hotel reservations can be made. There are constant tours booked for cub scouts, school groups, senior citizen tours, etc. The place can be empty one minute and filled with wall-to-wall kids the next.

We also run a mail order business. (Anything to make ends meet.) There are over 300 items in our catalog ranging from paperbacks to originals.

A lecture service, cartoon advice and critique by mail, and gag writing seminars are also being planned.

Special exhibits are a lot of work but they bring in repeat visitors. We've had exhibits of Hal Foster, Jack Kirby, Walt Kelly and Thomas Nast. For the bicentennial we had "The Story of America as told in Cartoons". For that exhibit we had to send curators to Washington to do research and publish a book . . . months of work.

You may ask, how does all this come about? Our annual budget is around $70,000 for four paid staff members, utilities, printing, postage, exhibit costs, etc. Obviously we get some revenue from the 500 people that come through weekly but the Museum doesn't begin to pay for itself, and maybe never will. The only way to make ends meet is through contributions from interested people. Besides the Hearst Foundation, our major contributors have been Hal Foster, Johnny Hart, Mrs. Chic Young, Charles Schulz, The Connecticut Commission on the Arts, Greater Buffalo Press, the Greenwich Junior Women's Club, The National Cartoonists Society, Electrographic Corp., Ernie Bushmiller, Dik Browne, ITT Corp., The National Parks Service, Jimmy Swinnerton, Yaffa Syndicate, Gannett Founda-

tion, Chemical Color Plate, Roy Crane, Field Enterprises, Register and Tribune Syndicate, United Features, Bob Gustasfson, Bil Keane, Lew Little, The New York News, Garry Trudeau, Morrie Turner, Bill Crouch, N.E.A. Service, William F. Brown II, and Charles Kline. (And whenever that doesn't work, I plug the dike.)

We're trying to build an endowment fund of $500,000 so that we can live off the income. The fund now stands at $130,000 and earns about $400 a month. We are actively soliciting contributions every day. Of course, one way everyone can help is to become a member of the Museum. The donation is $15 a year for which you receive the quarterly magazine, INKLINGS, free admission to the Museum, art prints, notices of events, and 20% off on all merchandise. Over 1,000 friends have become members and this has been a big help in our project.

There are many other ways to help. Donate artwork, donate books or other property of value, or volunteer. We have many volunteers that take the heat off the overburdened staff by cataloging the numerous cartoon donations that come in every month, fund raising, or helping at the counter on a busy Sunday. Use your imagination. All the members of our board are volunteers even though they are very busy people: Joe D'Angelo, Pres. of King Features, John Milt Morris, former Pres. of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, Lee Lorenz, art editor of the New Yorker, Charles Kline, Pres. of the Newspaper Comics Council, Neal Adams, of Continuity Associates, Bill Gallo, New York News sports cartoonist, Stan Lee, Pres. of Marvel Comics, and Gus Turbeville, former Pres. of Emerson College with whom we are associated.

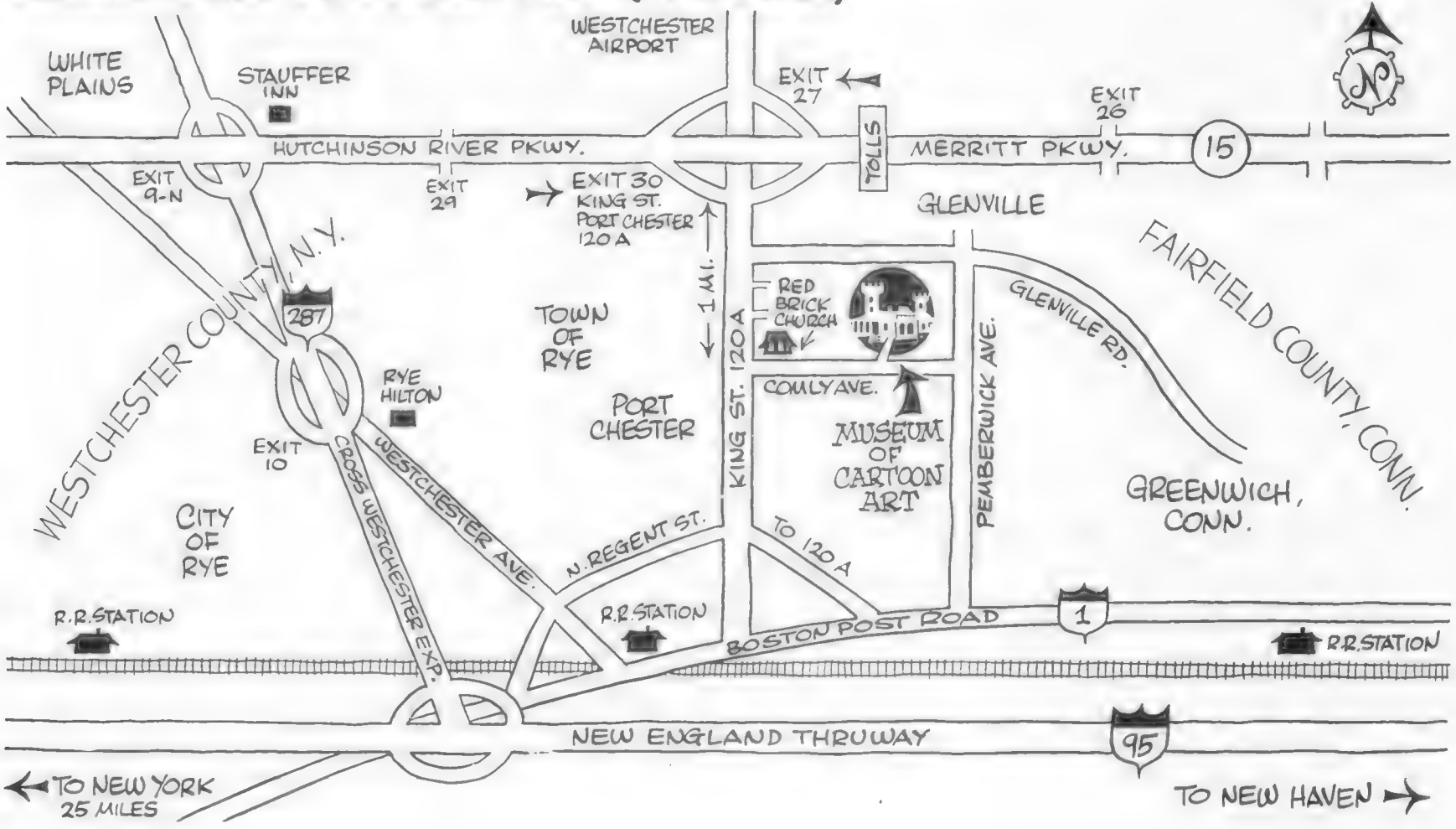
There is no doubt I've bitten off more than I can chew. I didn't realize the overwhelming need for such an institution nor the complications of providing it. Once you set your course, there is no turning back, nor would we want to. The business of cartooning has been so good to me I feel I want to give some of it back and I sincerely hope the Museum is giving "art status" to all those great cartoonists who have enriched the lives of so many people. They deserve to be immortalized and it would do them all good to see the hordes of people admiring their work on our walls. As one elderly lady said in near tears, "I've just spent an hour visiting with all my old friends." That's the way people feel about their comics.

We hope you all can come see the Museum. We're open Tues.—Fri. from 10 to 4, Sun. from 1 to 5. We're closed Mon. and Sat.

And *that's* the story of a castle.

The Museum of Cartoon Art is located on Comly Avenue, Town of Rye-Port Chester, N.Y. 10573. (Westchester County). To get there from the west take the Hutchinson River Parkway to Exit 30, marked King Street, Port Chester, Route 120 A. Turn Right (South) toward Port Chester and go .9 of a mile to a red brick Lutheran Church on the left. This is Comly Ave. Turn left to the large gates to the castle. From the east, take the Merritt Parkway to Exit 27. Turn left (South) and follow the same directions as above. Phone: (914) 939-0234

SCHEMATIC MAP OF MUSEUM AREA (MAIN ROADS)



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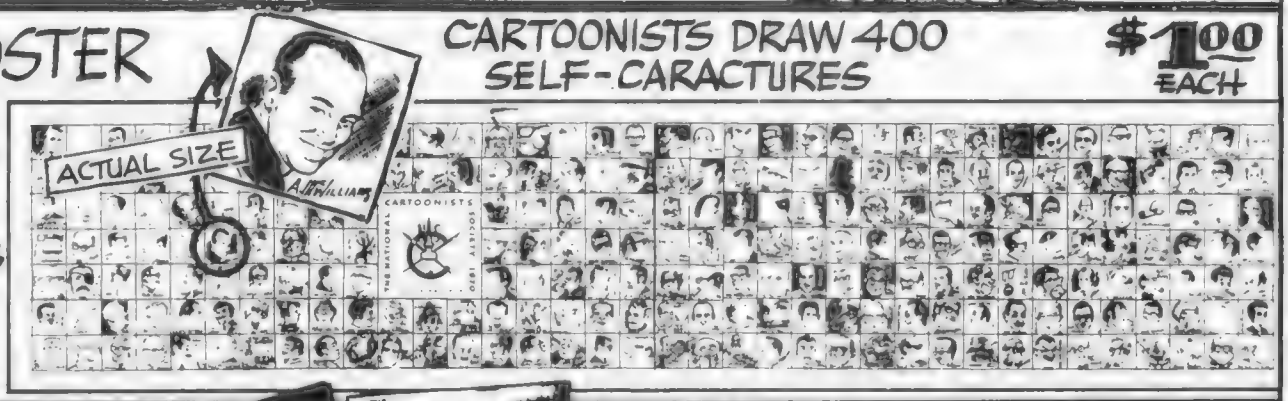

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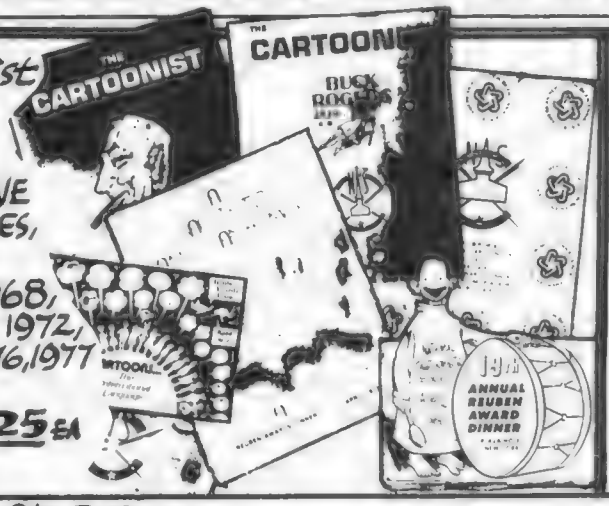

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ANIMATION

by Grim Natwick

A sentimental remembering of a City, a Time and a Little studio where a new art was being fashioned.

The time was 1923. The city was New York. The studio was a modest arm of the Hearst International Film Service. It was housed at Broadway and 49th Street in Manhattan, a hop, a skip and a jump from Times Square, the center of America's biggest playpen. The studio produced animated cartoons, a new art in America and in the world.

Perhaps the most talented member of the staff was Gregory La Cava. He wrote the stories and directed the animation. He would eventually leave animation and become a premier director of live action pictures in Hollywood. His more popular pictures are still shown on the TV tube. One of these is "My Man Godfrey" with William Powell and Carole Lombard, as fresh today as it was thirty-five years ago. Another, "Stage Door" starred Adolphe Menjou, Katherine Hepburn, Andrea Leeds and other young stars. This was pure La Cava comedy with a thrust of real drama. Others of his pictures were "Primrose Path" and "What Every Woman Knows."

La Cava, even at the peak of his fame as a live action director, often spoke affectionately of his animation days. Discussing Walt Disney La Cava once said, "Maybe I put my money on the wrong horse."

One of the senior animators on the staff at 49th Street was John Foster, a real early figure in animation. He would later become a part of the Terrytoon complex in New Rochelle, N.Y. Another animator, six foot four inch tall George Stallings, was the son of a noted sports figure, George Stallings, Senior. "The miracle Man of Baseball." At that time, Young Stallings was probably the best of the animators.

To facilitate his animation, Stallings originated what is generally called an animation disk, a circular center to the drawing board that can easily be turned clock-wise or counter clock-wise. By turning the disk one way or another an animator always has a clear view of a line that he is drawing without it being obstructed by his own hand, a problem that all left-handed people have faced for generations. Today, animators everywhere use the Stallings style animation disk.

Walter Lantz worked with George Stallings. Walter is now famous as the creator and producer of the Woody Woodpecker cartoons. Jack King, before shuttling his talents into animation, had worked with Chic Young on the newspaper comic strip, Dumb Dora. In a few

Neugass-Pix

years, Jack would join the Walt Disney beehive of talent as animator and director.

Bill Nolan was a fantastic young genius. He was probably the fastest animator alive. How many drawings can an animator do in a day? In 1928 Nolan was booked on a radio program. He knew that he would be asked that question. To find an answer he planned a day when he would put in full time animating. In a period of about twelve hours he turned out seven hundred drawings. It was a world record.

I once mentioned Bill's record to the droll, sophisticated and modest Ub Iwerks. Ub said, "Yes, I've heard about it. I think I broke that record." Ub was probably the only animator who could have improved upon Bill's record. When you think of 700 drawings you should bear in mind that there were no animator's assistants in those days. An artist animated 'straight ahead,' making every drawing in a scene or in a picture.

Bill created a style of animation that was called 'Rubber Hose Action.' He also innovated the idea of using 'treadmill' animation. (Keeping an animated figure at one general location in the field while a background moved behind it.) To a viewer the figure seemed to be moving, not the background. That stroke of genius has to date, probably, saved millions of drawings. It has made possible the production of the 'Saturday Morning' limited animation films that are fattened by using all of the time-saving tricks animators have devised.

Nate Collier worked at the studio and so did Dick Friel and Burt Gillett. I suppose that I should mention myself. I was a neophyte, a raw beginner. I had enjoyed a friendship with La Cava that began while we were students at the Art Institute in Chicago. After World War One, I had moved to New York. While lunching with La Cava one day, he said, "Say, have you ever thought of trying this animation racket? I think it would fit you like an old shoe." I did not believe him but I tried it for fifty years.

1923 was a nice time to be an animator. The Art was young. It was a learning time. We were ad-libbing, we were improvising, we were experimenting. We were building a framework on which each year new ideas would be added until eventually it was possible to produce extraordinary films like Snow White, Pinnochio, Fantasia and the numerous short pictures that today are animation classics.

Dear old 1923. She had so much to learn. As Bill Nye might have said, "She still had one toe caught in a knothole of the past century." She knew nothing about radio, television, computers, Xerox printing, tape recording, sound and color films or flights to the moon. These would all be miracles of the future. 1923, you were a dunce, a sweet dunce.

It was a good time. It was a bad time. World War One had ended. World peace was still on the drawing boards. On Wall Street prices were mounting to critical heights. On Broadway ex-soldiers in tattered uniforms were begging for nickels and dimes. Prohibition had become Federal law in 1920. The Big City faced a crisis.

Without booze the Big Apple was just another waldorf salad. Each day a million visitors came to Manhattan. They came to be entertained. They dined at posh dining halls.

Pheasant served under glass on the Astor roof—how does that grab you?—Great! Without champagne? Forget it!

Broiled Maine lobster at a swank sea food joint—without wine? Humbug! Humbug indeed. Without libation the city would die.

Fortunately certain steps were being taken that would help save Her from a tragic dilemma. Each night while the Island slept a flotilla of Canadian ships prowled the muddied waters of the East River. These craft carried liquid refreshment that would soothe the parched throats of the city dwellers. Smaller boats came from the shadows like little black water beetles, each of them noiselessly taking precious cargo from the larger ships and returning swiftly to a hiding place on the Manhattan shoreline.

Prohibition Had Arrived, and world-famous night spots along Broadway quickly gave up trying to fight the law—Reisenweber's, Shanley's, Bustanoby's. But for every one that quit, 50 dives bounced into operation and bootleg booze became big business. First and most renowned speakeasy on a magnificent scale was run by Texas Guinan (above).

The Roaring 50s would roar again tomorrow.

Manhattan rebelled against prohibition. The center of this rebellion was 50th Street and Broadway and a peripheral area that made up what was known as the Roaring Fifties.

From our studio at 49th Street we could almost hear the tinkle of glassware, the rustle of satin skirts or the strident voice of Texas Guinan calling, "Welcome, suckers!" to the patrons of her stylish fun house on 50th Street.

At the Palace Theatre, Bert Williams chanted his condemnation of the status quo:

The mahogany is dusty
All the stills are getting rusty
And the good old-fashioned musty
Doesn't musty any more.

Sadly he sang the saddest of his songs.

I'm not sure how many animators started down the Primrose Path during the prohibition episode. Drinking became fashionable. Most of us, for the first time, were introduced to the Demon Rum, or whatever our bootlegger called his largess on a given day. He usually referred to his merchandise as Imported Canadian Rye or Old Kentucky Bourbon—never as Bathtub Gin or White Lightning or just plain old Bootleg whiskey.

Let me tell you about White Lightning as we knew it on "The Old Cow Path" circa 1923. It was tasteless and colorless. After one swallow you could light your breath with a match. You were unwise if you took a second drink, but you took one anyway. Later you found yourself somewhere on 5th Avenue waving at cabs. Suddenly the buildings across the street started mov-

Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith made more than 4,000 arrests in New York as federal Prohibition agents. Nobody else was that zealous, and their reward was to get fired in 1925 "for the good of the service." They didn't object to a legal drink, and they are shown here celebrating repeal in 1933, eight years after they were canned.

The good ship **Star of Glasgow,** loaded with hooch, sits just out of legal reach in Rum Row as Prohibition Director Canfield and a U.S. attorney eye it ruefully.

ing uptown—up toward Central Park. Then the buildings behind you starting moving downtown—toward the Battery. When skyscrapers flew past you in opposite directions at fifty miles an hour, you knew you had had a drink.

You hailed a cab. You were no longer just plain John Doe. You were a butterfly riding home on a pogo stick. Home was a nine-foot tall door without a keyhole. Next morning your stomach felt like it was filled with bumble bees and steak knives. That was White Lightning.

Some ill-advised nit-wits have insinuated that every animator is a 'lush.' That opinion is debatable. Animators enjoy wine, women and song in that order. The festive bar has, indeed, held a special attraction for the American animator. Perhaps, too often, his skills at the drawing board have not matched his skills at the smorgasbord. This does not justify a nit-wit's claim that every animator is a 'lush.'

There has been an over-emphasis on the theory that in order to draw comic pictures an artist has to be 'smashed.' Not true! Naturally an animator enjoys a snort of champagne with a pizza. Like any red-blooded American, he enjoys a gargle of scotch with an omelette pate de foie a la Strasbourg. Does that make him a 'lush'? Rubbish! Is a man an alcoholic because he likes to munch an olive that has loitered in a martini glass? Nonsense!

In ten years, animation moved from its colic and bottle feeding age to a respectable place in cinema entertainment. In 1932 Walt Disney produced The Three Little Pigs, an animation short that elbowed the names of famous movie stars to bottom billing on the lighted marquees of the movie houses.

Time is a glutton. In a single gulp it swallows the dreams of the past and the hopes of the future. Yet, somehow, on the moss-sodded path of a faltering memory, a few glow-worms still sparkle to brighten a Time that now seems very sweet—a moment that will not ever, ever come back.

In my mind's eye I can see the incomparable Bert Williams standing in the spotlight at the old Palace Theatre—black face, white mouth, black coat, top hat, half speaking, half singing—

How sad and still tonight
By the old distillery
Oh, how the moaners moan
By the Lager brewery.
But on the mountain tops
Far from the eyes of cops
Oh, how the moon shines
On the moonshine, so stillally.

36 Coast Guard boat chasing rum runner

This bootlegger got caught, most were unmolested or escaped.

Roots of TV Cartoon Commercials

Here's another in our series of reminiscent animation articles by former Disney artist, and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN.

BY I. KLEIN

Almost from the start animated cartoon film funnies had a twin brother who was dedicated to using the animated drawing art for advertising and promotional purposes. The cartoon actors, like the live actors of the silent film era, spoke by way of lettered titles, white lettering on black backgrounds. The lettering of titles was an integral part of motion picture production during those soundless film years. I had both lettering and animation experience when by chance I got a job at a commercial film studio.

After learning the craft (art?) of animation and becoming an animator in good standing, I often quit my job to return to The National Academy of Design to continue studying the fine art of painting. When I ran out of money I could usually return to one of the cartoon studios of my former employment. Sometimes there was no job available. (There were only a few animation studios around at that time. All in New York.) On one of those "out of funds" occasions I phoned a film producer who had shown interest in my animation talent . . . but I was too art-school-busy at the time. I had his phone number. I phoned. His name was Goldman of The Carpenter-Goldman Studio.

Mr. Goldman was in need of an animator. He gave me their address which was on Central Park West. When I arrived at the address I thought there had been a mistake. It was a handsome English-type Georgian town house, nothing commercial looking about it. At a closer look I saw a small plaque on one side of the doorway: CARPENTER-GOLDMAN STUDIO. Another plaque above it had the name of a doctor.

Inside, a large lobby; several closed doors, one open door of a small elevator and a marble staircase. Seated on a chair near the stairs was a buxom young woman breast-feeding an infant. She paid no attention to me. There were no signs of office identification. Though I was embarrassed, I asked the woman for the location of the Carpenter-Goldman studio. She pointed at the elevator door. It was self-operating, and I should push the top button. I followed her instructions and was lifted to the third floor. (I must add that I never knew who that woman was. I never saw her again.)

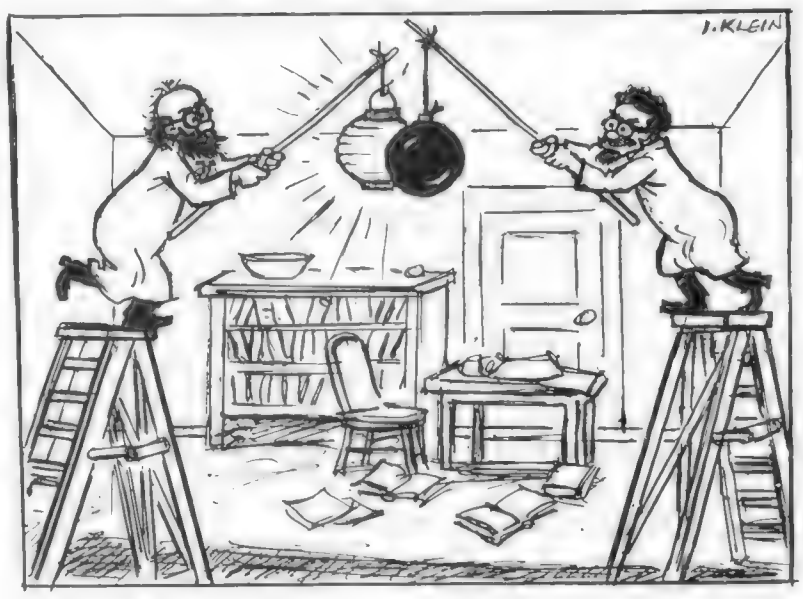
When the door slid open, I stepped into a large room. An elderly man sat at a desk talking on the telephone. He did not look up. This gave me a chance to look around. It was a doctor's office. Framed diplomas hung on the wall. Above the diplomas was a long shelf. On that was a row of many quart-size jars. The jars contained weird spongy objects immersed in some sort of liquid. The man at the phone spoke in a scarcely audible voice. Suddenly he almost shouted, "Yes, yes, I will perform the operation but the specimen must be given to me." A flash of inspiration! I caught on. The row of jars contained specimens of human organs. I looked more closely . . I saw in two or three of the jars human embryos.

At that juncture a man came out of a rear door. I recognized him to be Mr. Goldman. He beckoned for me to join him. I followed Goldman into his room where another man was busy at a film splicer. I was introduced to the partner, Mr. Carpenter. We had a short discussion of salary which was quickly settled though not really to my satisfaction. This room was a combination of office and film studio workroom. After we came to an agreement I followed Goldman into another room which held an animation camera stand, (a simple set-up in those days). There was also a desk with an animation board. Two shelves above the desk held animation paper and a few celluloids. The project on hand was explained to me. The job was for the film division of THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN magazine. The subject: a solar eclipse which had taken place around that time. The eclipse footage had been shot on a high mountain somewhere . A comedy relief insert was in the script which required animation. My assignment was to animate a cartoon strip from a newspaper.

Goldman handed me a page from a New York newspaper, THE NEW YORK WORLD. On it was a cartoon in a dozen panels. The title: "A Rehearsal For An ECLIPSE". It showed two nutty scientists acting out an eclipse of the sun with a round, lighted Japanese lantern representing the sun. A dark toy balloon represented the moon. "Scientist" number one stood on a ladder holding up the "sun" lantern. The other "scientist" on a nearby ladder leaned over, moving the "moon" balloon in front of the "sun", thereby eclipsing it. The lesson was quite clear as to how the moon eclipses the sun. As a finish to this comic strip explanation, the moon balloon touches the hot "sun". The balloon bursts, the ladders topple and both "scientists" suffer pratfalls. That page was my working script. I completed the whole spot in about two weeks; animation, inbetweening, inking and camera work. The paper animation went under camera after inking. The drawings were not traced on to celluloids. The complete celluloid system had not been in use at that time. The "cels" were much too thick to be used in multiple layers. The only cels used were for "hold" positions. The backgrounds were designed to be outside and above the action areas. That too was inked on a celluloid. There was a heck of a lot of "trace-backs" of shoes and arms, etc., parts which remained in one position for a limited length of time.

During the short time I worked for Carpenter and Goldman I did not find out if the doctor (surgeon) was a partner or merely the landlord. Each time I passed his office on my way to the elevator or to the men's room, I looked at the jars containing the grisly parts of human anatomy. I had a slight feeling of revulsion, but nevertheless, I couldn't keep my eyes off them. One afternoon the doctor caught me as I was glancing at the jars in passing. The doctor unexpectedly remarked: "Best private specimen collection in New York City." I responded unscientifically: "Are there any pickled funny bones up there?" The Doc. did not appreciate my remark. He turned and walked away.

By a happy chance, just as I finished "Rehearsal For An Eclipse" I received a phone call from Charles Bowers, producer of the "Mutt and Jeff" animated cartoons to return to work for him. He had reopened his studio. Without hesitation I resigned; I couldn't resist Mr. Bowers' offer of a considerable increase in salary above what Carpenter and Goldman was paying me. This Bowers connection after a short period developed a split-away into "Associated Animators" with whom I continued working . . . but I

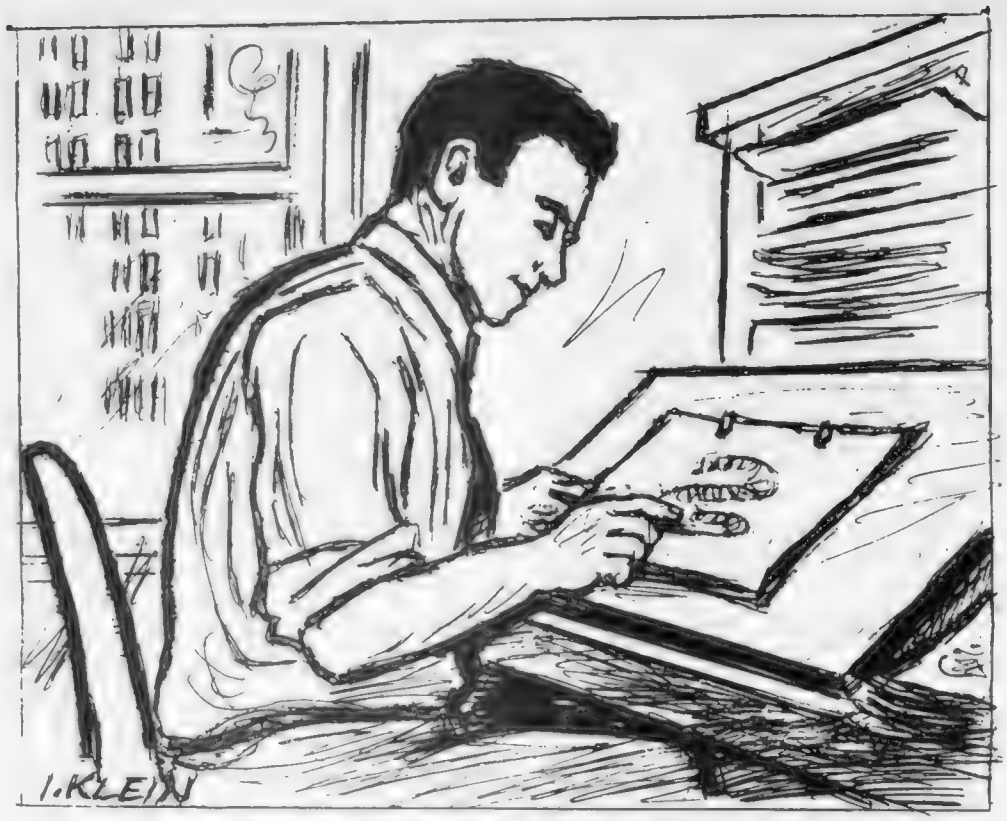


One panel of "Rehearsal for an Eclipse"

will not dwell on this at the present.

At another time during those pioneer days of animation, I found myself in need of an animation job after an art-school full time activity. A friend tipped me off that there was a studio in need of an animator . . . a live action film studio. The name: ROWLAND ROGERS PRODUCTIONS. The place was at 6th Avenue and West 23rd Street, in an office building. I found when I came there that it was another outfit doing commercial and promotional films. While most of the footage was "live", animation was often needed. Mr. Rogers, the boss, was a tall version of President Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt and he was aware of the resemblance. His eyeglasses were pince-nez such as "Teddy" wore. He even put on the broad Teddy Roosevelt toothy smile and frequently used the Roosevelt expressions of "dee-lighted!" and "Bully!" I was told that in college he was a prize swimmer of "Olympic" quality.

The studio staff was small. Most of them had college degrees and had Dr. in front of their names. Most of the assistant help, during the summer were college students learning the business. It was hinted, they were working without salary. One of the non-professors (including myself) was the cameraman for live action. I think his name was Bray. (No relative of the Bray Studio, oldest animation studio in New York.) Cameraman Bray had been a professional baseball player, as was his older brother. When the older brother was hit in the head by a pitched ball and died of a cracked skull, younger brother moved on to a safer field. I learned this from Bray himself. Another important staff member was a youngish woman who wore tailored suits. She was addressed as Doctor. (Her husband, who called for her after work, was also called Doctor.) I would arrive at the studio in the morning just about the same time as this lady. She brought The *New York Times* with her. She had an early morning routine. First she would go to her office and leave her jacket and purse there; come into my room for a brief chat, still holding on to her *New York Times*. Then she would tuck the newspaper under her arm and retreat to the Ladies Room. After that I would only see her on studio business. Another staffer was a young fellow whom I could best identify as a prop man. His name was Crum. His claim to fame was a brother



Animating on tissue paper without bottom light.

who was an important college football player. I can't remember anything special about the others working for Mr. Rogers.

Besides animating and lettering the titles, my job included being the animation cameraman. There was no animation camera stand at Rowland Rogers Productions. But on the same floor was an office of a camera and projection-room service. A man by the name of Mr. Brotherhood was the proprietor. He had an animation camera stand available, but the animation shooting had to be done by the people who rented the stand. Since those were still the pre-sound days, all the equipment was uncomplicated. Mr. Brotherhood explained to me how he operated. The same camera was used both for his field work and for animation. When he had an outside camera job he removed the camera from the animation stand, put it into a carrying case, picked up his tripod and away he went. He also informed me that this building was lousy with "vest pocket" studios. They kept both his camera and his projector busy. Furthermore, those tiny studios batted-out religious films. That was their main type of production. "All they need are a lot of bed sheets for a bunch of ham actors and some painted backdrops and they are in business. The hams wrap themselves in the sheets and they become Biblical characters." He added: "Of course they need my camera."

When Mr. Rogers interviewed me, he seemed satisfied with my qualifications. But it wasn't until I animated one scene and shot it on Mr. Brotherhood's camera stand and screened that scene, which turned out very satisfactorily, that the job was mine.

TRACING PAPER TECHNIQUE

Before I got down to work, I asked Mr. Rogers where was the animation work set-up, mainly the animation board and desk . . . the animation board with its window and underneath the electric bulb. His answer was that he had no such things around . . . for me to acquire them . . . he would pay. That was not so easily done. Animation boards had to be built at that time . . . they were nowhere for sale. I would need the services of a carpenter and a glazier. I then recalled that at one cartoon studio where I worked we animated on strong tracing paper on a drawing board, without the need of a glass or bottom light. I then went out and bought a drawing board, a dozen pads of strong tracing paper, pencils, pens and several bottles of india ink. Before I went on that small buying spree, I asked at the office if they had a paper punching machine which punched two widely spaced holes at the same time. They had. I punched a sheet of bond paper for a sample. The last items I bought were two wood screws which fitted the holes of the paper. Back at the studio I managed to borrow a file and filed down the heads of the screws, but left the slots. Next, I screwed them into the drawing board, positioning them according to the two holes in the sample holes of the bond paper. (Animation paper has holes punched to fit pegs on the animation board so that the animated drawings can relate to each other exactly.)

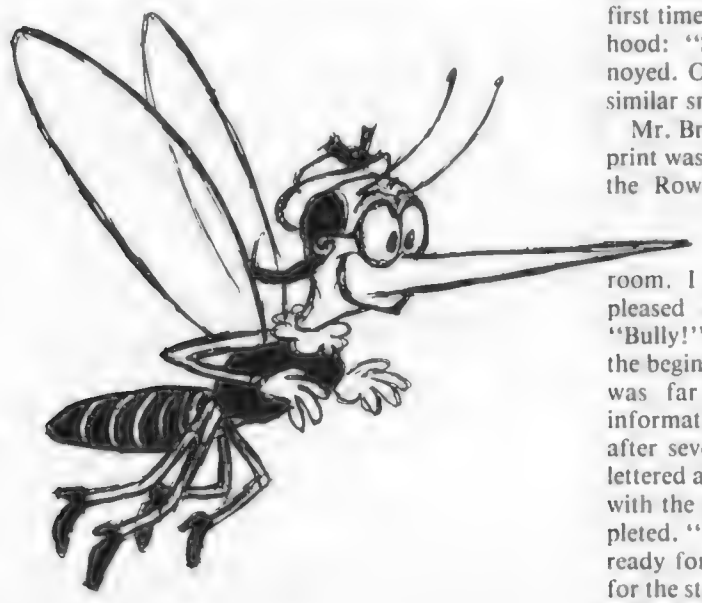
My boss looked and acted like Teddy Roosevelt.

The insect characters designed by Milt Gross—as I remember them.

I was ready the following morning to start rolling. I so reported to Mr. Rogers. He gave me his Teddy Roosevelt smile and said: "Bully!" He then took a slender book from his desk. "This is your assignment. Animate it." The title of the book: "ITINERARY OF A BREAKFAST". Subtitle: "An Explanation of the Human Digestive Process." It was illustrated with a number of line drawings. There were less than fifty pages. I said: "I'll need a doctor to explain all this in more detail." "No, no" said Mr. R. "All you've got to know is in this book. The film is just for kids."

I later found out that the film was to be shown in schools, to school children, including High Schools. While it was educational, advertising of a new digestive lubricant was the commercial motive. The digestive lubricant manufacturer was the film's sponsor. The title of the picture was to be the same as the book. "ITINERARY OF A BREAKFAST."

If this film was to be produced today, with sound, a lot of preliminary work would be needed before plunging into animation . . . the sound track, the lead sheets, the exposure sheets etc. Not so with the silent cartoon films . . . all animation was shot on ones (one frame of film). If otherwise, a note was given to the cameraman: *2* (for two exposures), or a long hold of 6 or whatever. When Rowland Rogers handed that book to me, he expected immediate animation. He made one qualification: After animating the first scene I should shoot it and screen it before going ahead with the next scene. (It was clear my job depended on the result of scene number one.)



The opening shots of "Itinerary" were "live". It showed a doctor in his office addressing the film audience. (His dialog was on title cards). Then cut to a young boy taking a big bite from an apple and chewing on that bite. The animation began at this point and continued for the rest of the film except for a few cut-backs to the doctor. My first animated scene showed the inside of a mouth with the saliva flowing from the saliva glands. I followed the illustration and text of the book which was clear and explicit. I was finished in two days including inking the drawings. I was then introduced to Mr. Brotherhood and his animation camera stand. He wanted to know how much film I needed. I counted my drawings and added the extra frames for "holds" and gave him the figure. He then said: "I have a short end of film which will be just the right length." He turned off the lights . . . turned on a safety light, then opened a film can which contained about a half dozen small rolls of 35 mm film stock. The can was marked POSITIVE stock. It was for shooting black inked lines on white background. The negatives were photographed on positive stock for sharp, clear contrast. All animated cartoons, at that time, were shot on positive stock.)

ULTRA-VIOLET and X-RAYS

I must add that this camera and projection room was without windows. It had hidden ventilation. A complete dark room. Mr. Brotherhood loaded the camera, then turned on the room lights, made a broad wave of his right arm, said: "At your service." I arranged my drawings, all set to go ahead. I then turned on the camera lights. There was a tube of a sort of fluorescent light on each side of the camera. They shed a bright weird glow which made peoples' faces look purple. Any blemishes on a face became darkly exaggerated. They were called Cooper-Hewett lights. (Recently I picked up some information: Those lights gave out radiant energy such as ultra-violet rays and X-rays.)

I had hardly begun to shoot when Mr. Brotherhood asked me to turn off the camera lights. He had a customer for his projection room service. The projector rested on a table near the animation camera. A medium sized screen was attached to the opposite wall. I sat down to watch the "show" with two men who were the clients. The picture was a scenic one of somewhere in the arctic region. Very poor photography, much of it over-exposed. When the show was over, the film was returned to the film can. Mr. Brotherhood was paid. The man left. There had been no conversation. I returned to my shooting. I often had such interruptions when I worked this camera. Sometimes I was asked to leave the room. The first time this happened, I whispered to Brotherhood: "Stag reels, heh-heh." He looked annoyed. On the next such occasion, I made a similar snide remark. He smiled and winked.

Mr. Brotherhood had my film processed and a print was rushed to the studio. It was screened in the Rowland Rogers Studio's own projection room. I sat there with my boss. Rogers was pleased with that first scene. He exclaimed, "Bully!" and "Delighted!" But that was only the beginning. The "Itinerary" book I was given was far from sufficient. I borrowed more informative books from the public library. Then, after several months, I finished the animation, lettered all the explanatory titles and got through with the camera work and the editing was completed. "ITINERARY OF A BREAKFAST" was ready for delivery. But first we had a screening for the studio staff. Mr. Rogers was pleased with my work. The picture still had to be approved by a professor from Columbia University. Mr. Rowland Rogers said to me, "I cannot ask you into the screening with the professor and introduce you to him as the person who animated this film." Because, if he saw it was done by a kid it would interfere with his approval. So the professor did not meet the young animator. He gave his stamp of approval.

The professor's approval was sufficient for the client and brought this project to a satisfactory conclusion. However, I received an accolade from an errand boy. That happened several weeks later. A print of the film was being screened in our projection room. An errand boy sent by someone to pick up this print, sat with me in the screening room. At the conclusion he turned to me and said: "Gee! How did they get the camera inside that man's stomach?" That was the real okay for me.

I worked about a year for Rowland Rogers Productions. Among the films I did animation for besides the "Itinerary. . ." were an animated map showing the various ways of reaching a real estate development on Long Island; and a long feature type film made for the City of New York. It required a lot of my animation though most of the footage was "live". The film was of a big exposition celebrating the 25th anniversary of the five boroughs to form New York City. Another, also a combination of live and lots of animation was for an insect-killing spray called "FLIT". The layouts for the animation were sent to us from an advertising agency. They were done by the famous cartoonist Milt Gross. Very funny stuff.

The "Flit" film had a very close dead-line. Also the layouts called for many cartoon characters in action. On my request the studio engaged an extra animator and three tracers. Also an *animation checker*. Her job was to *check* the scenes after the tracers did their part to see that nothing was left out. (All the inking of the animated drawings was done by the animators at that time.)

My small staff completed their work on a Saturday morning. The picture was ready for camera. Mr. Rogers then told me that the shot film must be at the laboratory on Monday morning. That meant that I, as cameraman would have to come in on Sunday. Mr. Brotherhood gave me the key to his camera room.

THE KEY POST OF THE ANIMATION CHECKER.

I had estimated that I could shoot that picture in less than a working day. But I did not figure on a lousy checker. I arrived at 9 A.M. that Sunday morning, started work at the camera shortly after my arrival. I felt bright and cheerful . . . then on the very first scene I found trace-backs missing which meant figures lacking a hand, a shoe and sometimes a head. My checker had fallen down on her job. I had to stop shooting and work on trace-backs. It was far in the night when I shot my last frame. To this day careless checkers drive cameramen up a tree.

Rowland Rogers was a paternalistic boss. Twice a year he would give a dinner to his staff in a private dining room of a well-known restaurant. (In the one year I worked for him I attended two such parties.) He would "crown" the evening with a brief address to his captive audience. I remember the gist of one such speech. He prognosticated for our field of advertising and promotional films a bright future. One day, he said, not too far away, motion pictures will have color and sound too . . . talking motion pictures!

He would have been even more enthusiastic had he foreseen the intrusion of the advertising huckster into the American home by way of The GOON-BOX . . . Television. ●

Newton Pratt

by Jefferson Davis Yohn

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A Giant Among American Editorial Cartoonists

Newton Thomas Pratt: *The Sacramento Bee's* Great Editorial Cartoonist

"Editorial cartoonists work in the realm of angels." – The late Tom Little of The Nashville Tennessean.

Newton Thomas Pratt, the *McClatchy Newspapers'* retired editorial cartoonist, was probably one of the most enigmatic brush-and-ink rebels in the history of American political cartooning. A master craftsman and prolific journalist,

September 7, 1962

April 23, 1965

February 9, 1965

The following story was written by JEFF YOHN, a fellow member of ours in the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, who spent more than 25 years as an editorial cartoonist on West Coast newspapers including the Sacramento, California Union. He frequently contributes freelance articles to the 'California Highway Patrolman' magazine in which this very interesting article first appeared. Yohn says that Newt Pratt, who has been a very prolific and individualistic political cartoonist, received little recognition during his career. And he goes on to say that Pratt, at 77, is now a salty oil painter and definitely an unforgettable character—truly a great American. Pratt is the retired editorial cartoonist of The Sacramento Bee (McClatchy Newspapers).

JEFF YOHN

'Thank You For That Wave Of Applause. Now, Let Me Make Myself Perfectly Clear On Cambodia—'

July 5, 1970

'I'll Be Right Along, Dear. Soon As I Finish My Morning Calisthenics'

May 24, 1970

Pratt's work is perhaps the least recognized among the cartooning giants of this century. Yet titan at the drawing board was he.

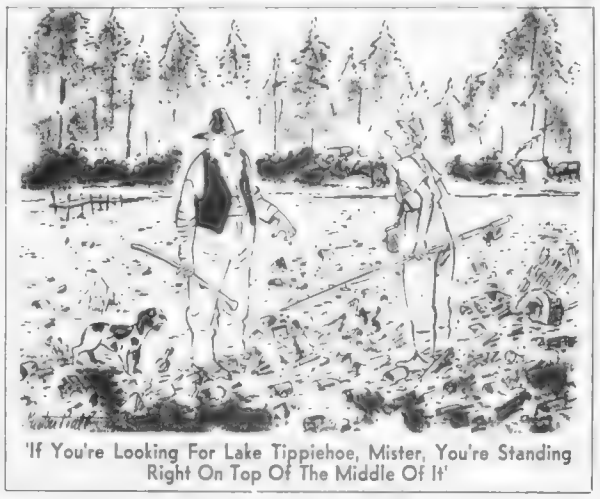
For thirty-three years Newt Pratt's editorial cartoons commented — with strong opinion — on California and national history-in-the-making. His spectrum was wide. His subjects were

Editorial Cartoon Reprints Courtesy Of The Sacramento Bee

topical. His editorial potion was potent: he mixed vitriol and humor in bold-stroke cartoons whose draftsmanship mocked many of his contemporaries' products. He always was fair in his presentation of issues and personalities. However, every politician, public official and bureaucrat was squarely in Pratt's bull's-eye when chicanery was suspected and performance was evaluated.

Few California Governors and legislators missed turning to The Bees' editorial pages to see who was on Pratt's front-burner that day. Reprints of his work appeared frequently on *The New York Times'* editorial pages and in national periodicals.

Re-read the italicized quotation that appears above this article.



'If You're Looking For Lake Tippiehoe, Mister, You're Standing Right On Top Of The Middle Of It'

August 16, 1970

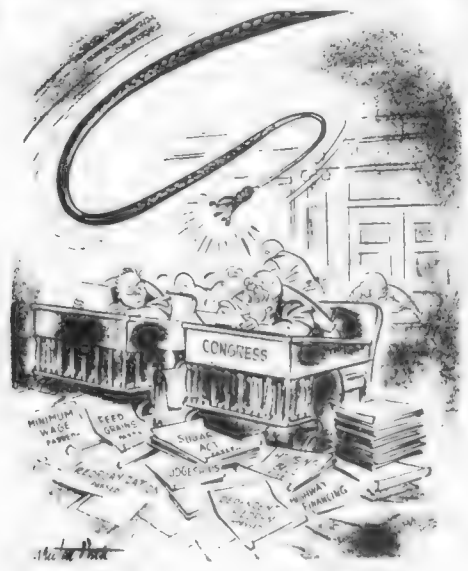
'I Want To Report A Suicide'

August 27, 1968

If **Cartoonist Tom Little's** premise is true, perhaps any writer desiring to interview Newt Pratt should first seek angelic guidance and counsel as to a modus operandi.

Pratt, who retired June 30, 1971, disdains publicity and is reluctant to be interviewed. Persistence by this writer and a twenty-year friendship, however, effected a

'There's A Rumor Kennedy Isn't Asserting Leadership'



June 27, 1961

The Sculpture Of Reverence

February 22, 1965

Requiem For An Era

January 25, 1965

compromise. Pratt consented to be interviewed by questionnaire. He returned the questionnaire several weeks later: neatly typed; all questions answered — but with no elaboration or embellishment. This response would have deep-sixed the entire enterprise for some writers.

The bare-bones answers on the questionnaire clearly stated Newt Pratt's message: If the writer desired augmentary information, let him show his resourcefulness — let him dig for pertinent facts. In other words, Pratt provided the vitae; let the writer put the meat on the skeleton. An example of a few of the succinct answers Pratt provided to questionnaire queries follows:

Q — What is your art-training background?

A — None.

Q — When were you hired by *The Sacramento Bee*?

A — February 1, 1937 as editorial cartoonist.

Q — How many cartoons did you produce for *McClatchy Newspapers*?

A — Approximately 7,500.

Q — Who was the first *McClatchy* editor you served?

A — Walter P. Jones — the first and only.

Q — Did you subscribe wholeheartedly to *McClatchy Newspapers'* policy?

A — Yes.

Q — Did you enjoy total freedom (independence) in developing cartoon ideas — or were you told what to draw?

A — Absolute freedom within the limits of editorial policy. I am not suggesting that each and every idea of mine was acceptable to the editor. When we disagreed, he used a syndicated editorial cartoon.

Q — Name the editorial cartoonists who influenced your style.

A — I hardly think any editorial cartoonist ever followed the complete style of another cartoonist. From one cartoonist, you might try to copy his posture of figures; the placing of a hat on the head, hands, fingers, etc. I hardly think any one cartoonist influenced my style of drawing.

Q — Who, in your opinion, were the two greatest editorial cartoonists of your time?

A — There were three: *Britain's* Sir David Low; Herbert Block (Herblock) of *The Washington Post*; and Ross Lewis of *The Milwaukee Journal*.

Q — Who was your *favorite* President of the United States?

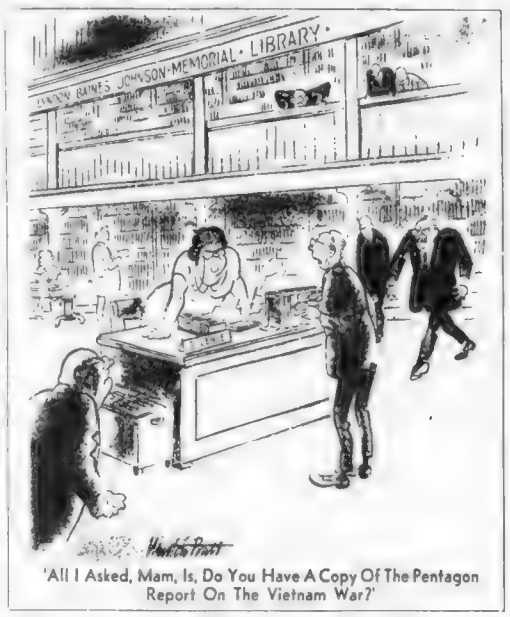
A — Harry Truman for just naked judgment.

The Jury Is In At My Lai

March 31, 1971

'I May Not Know Much About Art, But I Know What I Dislike!'

February 10, 1971



'All I Asked, Mam, Is, Do You Have A Copy Of The Pentagon Report On The Vietnam War?'

June 16, 1971

'Just Think How Terrible The Things Would Look Without The Smog'

August 24, 1970

March 26, 1965

July 30, 1964

NEWT PRATT

Q — Who was your *favorite* California Governor?

A — Edmund G. (Pat) Brown Sr. I always believed Pat felt obedient to the people.

Q — What is your evaluation of today's editorial cartoon?

A — Since leaving *McClatchy Newspapers*, I don't have the wide range of editorial cartoonists' work to evaluate as I did when I received a number of daily newspapers each day. My dear friend Ross Lewis (Lewis died August 6, 1977) attended last year's Association of American Editorial Cartoonists' convention, and he told me he came away with a *dismal feeling* insofar as personalities were concerned. He said the only discussion he heard was payment for reprints. I encouraged the *McClatchy Newspapers* to pay for reprints around 1960.

Q — Whom do you consider the most effective, active editorial cartoonist in 1977?

A — Herblock — *no question about it!* Ask any contemporary cartoonist to be *truthful* when answering this question.

Q — When you were an active cartoonist, did you frequent those watering holes in Sacramento that were frequented by legislators and special-interest power brokers?

A — Nope.

Q — Your hobbies?

A — Gardening.

Q — As an editorial cartoonist, what recognition did you receive in honors besides the countless reprints of your cartoons?

A — None that are *etched* in my memory.

Q — Did you agree with the *McClatchy Newspapers'* policy of not allowing personnel to compete in various state and national competitions?

A — I worked on the editorial side and had nothing to do with corporate policy. The management never objected when I submitted entries in the *Pulitzer Prizes Competition*. In fact, the Art Department prepared the presentation without any plea from me.

Q — What technique did you employ in cartooning — pen, brush, crayon, etc.?

A — Blue pencil for outline; brush and India Ink — with lithograph crayon — for backup. Lots of time — lots of ink; less time — more crayon.

Q — Did you maintain a studio at home?

A — Nope.

Q — Were you *forced* to retire?

A — I was *not forced* to retire. In fact, Walter Jones developed quite a *grudge* when he learned of my decision to retire.

A — What do you think of the *nation's economic state*?

A — There seems to be no complaint about the management of the immense super corporations we have — and since they seem to be running the country insofar as the economy is concerned, the future depends on the corporate counting rooms.

Q — The *nation's morals* in 1977?

A — Don't you mean IMmorals? They've gone to pot on the dollar sign. I blame television.

Q — Today's *public-schools education*?

A — Literacy is unknown. I'm appalled when I encounter college graduates who cannot write in longhand and who are compelled to print.

Q — The *nation's leadership* in 1977?

A — Some day the electorate will learn to vote as I do — *against all incumbents*. You can't use the word *'leadership* when we continue to return the same *'bums'* to office year after year.

Q — *Energy policy* in 1977?

A — Don't know — but then, who does?

Q — Growth of *Government* and *Bureaucracy* this decade?

A — As long as you have *'popular government,'* you'll have bureaus to accommodate the temper of the electorate.

Q — The *death penalty*?

A — I'm for it!

Q — Americans' *affluent lifestyle*?

A — Speaking from the retirement bench in the city park, all I can do is spell the word "affluent."

Q — President Carter's *policies*?

A — Period.

Q — The *Vietnam* war?

A — I was a latecomer to the thinking that Vietnam, as with Korea and any wars now or in the future, are *STUPID*.

Q — *Watergate*?

A — Watergate came after I had left the battle.

Q — Governor Jerry Brown's *'Lower-Your-Expectations'* philosophy?

A — Ditto my answer to your question on President Carter's policies.

Q — *Television* in 1977?

A — The *unadulterated s---s*!

Q — America's *daily newspapers* in 1977?

A — I still choose *The New York Times'* front-page makeup over today's *'cafeteria-style front page.'* The press complains that readers are leaving the newspapers for TV. *Little wonder!* Editors *encapsulate* the news on Page 1, so that their readers *can hurry* to their television sets.

Q — United States-Soviet *relationships* in terms of *detente*?

A — What does this have to do with *gardening*?

Newt Pratt completed the questionnaire free of *superfluity* — but leaving many answers requiring *elucidation*. Certainly there remained hidden in his terse answers more information which would place this eminent cartoonist in a more *lucid perspective* and reveal the *character* of the little giant (he stands five-foot six) who produced such blockbuster cartoons that became hallmarks on the *McClatchy Newspapers'* editorial pages. The writer's problem then was to *fill in* between the challenging lines of the questionnaire — no easy task!

Two sources were untapped: this writer's own clipping file and correspondence with Pratt; and *McClatchy Newspapers'* personnel — many who worked side-by-side this editorial-cartooning dynamo.

Seventeen years ago, this writer — in an article on *American editorial cartoonists* — penned:

"His *articulateness* and *forthrightness* are only exceeded by the *tremendous force* with which he *undergirds* each editorial cartoon he produces for the *McClatchy Newspapers* (The Sacramento, Modesto and Fresno Bees). Newton Thomas Pratt, at 59, is a *self-trained* editorial cartoonist who loathes *mediocrity in execution* and *dearth of controversy* in today's editorial cartoon. Pratt, who has produced 6,000 editorial cartoons since be-

'RONALD!'

ginning his career with *McClatchy Newspapers* in 1937, withholds no punches in criticizing Republican Party policies — for the predominance of editorial cartoons which *vacillate* on major issues. Pratt, commenting on an editorial cartoonist's liberty to select and develop ideas, declared:

"'The cartoonist's liberty is determined in the selection of a newspaper to work for. For instance, I* would not *and* could not *work with a traditionally Republican editor.'

"For *aspiring* editorial cartoonists, Pratt recommends *'cradle-to-the-grave'* art training, plus a college education with a major field of study in *history* — particularly *American political history.*"

In 1964 this writer — then working on *The San Bernardino Sun-Telegram* — contacted Pratt and asked: What is your main criticism of *American editorial cartoons* today? He responded:

"Relative to the performance of such a function during the *Franklin D. Roosevelt* and *Harry Truman* regimes, the editorial cartoons have not fulfilled their purposes — starting with the 1952 inauguration. I'll let the editorial cartoonists *off the hook* with the plea that their superiors — *93 per cent* — incline toward the GOP."

The 1964 correspondence continued and Pratt wrote:

"My reader response is *flattering*, if you're inclined toward *approbation*. The critics are more *vocal*."

Before closing the clipping file on Newt Pratt, a survey in 1965 showed that more than 100 editorial cartoonists contacted for an article possessed *well-stocked* files of Pratt-cartoon clippings.

The second source — *McClatchy* personnel — proved to be an unending treasure trove of priceless nuggets on Newt Pratt — the man, the character and the cartoonist.

Present **Editor C.K. McClatchy** stated: "Newton T. Pratt, editorial cartoonist for *McClatchy Newspapers* for thirty-three years, made an immense contribution to *The Sacramento, Fresno* and *Modesto Bees*. Mr. Pratt was truly an outstanding cartoonist who won national acclaim in his profession. Newt's tenure as The Bees' cartoonist was an *exciting* one for everybody here. He was a *vibrant* personality with *strong* opinions — *strongly expressed*. I consider him to be the *equal* of any political cartoonist in the business in the last thirty years."

Thor Severson, the *McClatchy Newspapers'* respected Ombudsman who formerly rode herd on *The Bees'* editorial pages, willingly contributed:

"It's actually hard to try to *freeze* Newt Pratt into a time frame. He is one of the most *extraordinary* men I have known — *volatile*, filled with *energy*, a kind of gossip but *fiercely loyal* to his friends, and a man *supremely talented*. These are some of my recollections:

"The *eternal* picture of Newton Pratt walking the halls in the morning, head down and hands clenched behind his back, *idea-hunting*. One was fortunate to get so much as a grunt out of him if you greeted him on one of those morning strolls, so *preoocupied* was he.

"His idea resolved, he would wheel on his heels, throw open his door, and *literally attack* the drawing board. Glasses hard-pressed on his nose, he was literally covered with waste from his rubber eraser in no time at all. You *took your life in your hands* if you interrupted him in his work except for the most urgent matter. I don't think I have ever known anyone with such *fixed attention*.

"The effort for that day completed, Newt Pratt was ready to *banter*.

"There is the touch of the *irreverent* in Newt. and a certain air of *slumbering* outrage. He could easily be *outraged* with himself as with others.

"He is one of the few men of short height (five-foot-six) I have known who is not at all sensitive about his short span. I think probably the most appropriate compliment I could pay Newt is to describe him as *little on the outside only*.

"Newt has one ideal as a cartoonist: Herblock of *The Washington Post*. It is absolutely mystifying to me why Newt never received a *Pulitzer Prize*, but then it was only in his last years — as I understand it — that his work was submitted for *Pulitzer* competition.

"Newt had several pet subjects: *Dwight D. Eisenhower*, whom he captured in all of his inconsistencies; *Richard M. Nixon*, whom he loathed almost with passion; and *Joe McCarthy*, who represented all that Newt detested both in men and politics.

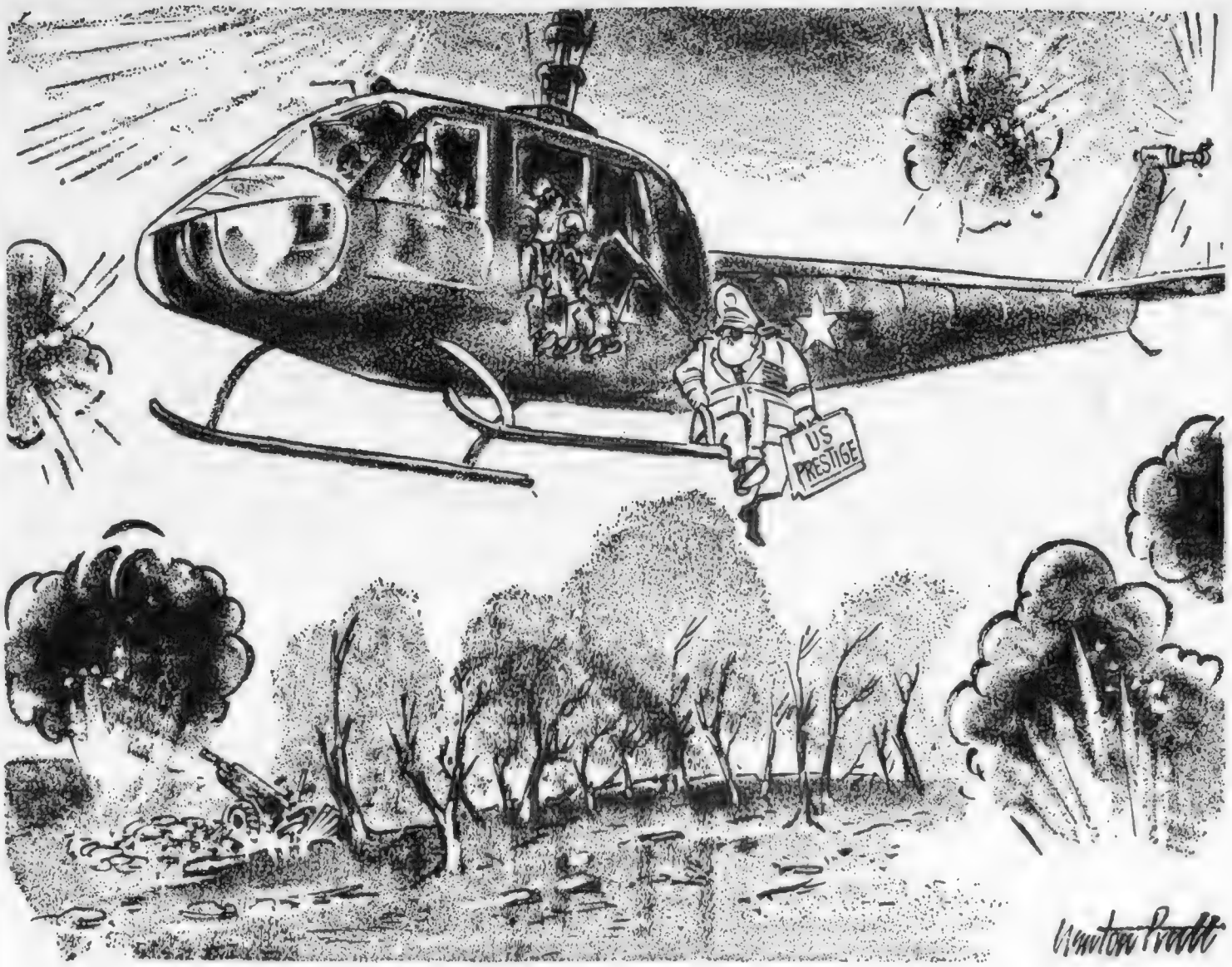
"I said earlier that Newton is something of a *gossip*. I use the reference *'gossip'* with great care. I do not suggest that Newt is *'malicious'* or that he is quick to hurt another; I use the reference in the better sense of the word — as one who *delighted* in *carrying tales*.

"It was always amusing to observe Newt's relationship with **Editor Walter Jones** — whom he loved dearly. Newt would get Walter *upset* quicker than any one person I know, and Walter *could upset* Newt more than any person I know — but they were of the *same steel* and both *utterly honest*, almost *harshly honest*, in their exchanges. I don't know if Newt could tolerate the word, but if any two men ever *loved* the other — and the *good* they sensed in the other — these two loved. It was always a comedy to observe Newt bring in his *rough sketch* for the day's cartoon. He would pass it over to Walter almost with *reluctance*; I think that Newt *privately* resented the fact that he had to have anybody's *approval* of anything. Walter, more often than not, would not say so much as a word but would return the rough to Newt — and Newt would bolt from the office before Walt *could change* his mind. When Walt would question a Pratt offering, Newt would indignantly deal with the query. I never was totally certain whether the indignation was *real* or *feigned*, and I don't suppose I ever shall know.

"Newt Pratt strikes me as one who rather *cautiously* lets people into his life — but once he *admits* a person into his *closed circle*, he is accepted with *no reservations*.

"I have one regret: Newt Pratt ought to have been syndicated nationally. If there is a *peer*, it is Herblock.

"It is no surprise to me that he has come to such skilled craftsmanship in oils as well for — again — he is one who gives *every ounce*



Last Flight Out Of Laos

Early Bird

he has into *every effort*. Newt hasn't a *mediocre* bone in his body, and he has *short patience* with *no-talent* people.

"In the beginning I said Newt Pratt is an *extraordinary* man. He is. He remains the *most fascinating personality* in my own experience."

Next contacted was retired **Richard (Dick) Rodda**, who for many years served with distinction as *McClatchy Newspapers'* political editor. His immediate response was:

"My first recollection of Cartoonist Newt Pratt goes back to the mid-thirties, when he used to walk into The Sacramento Bee City Room with a cartoon or two under his arm. He went straight to Editor Walter Jones' office — and, in a few minutes, left empty-handed. I wondered what this was all about. Newt was very shy and because of his size — five-foot-six — I thought he was a young kid.

"Then — I began seeing cartoons in The Bee by an artist I'd never heard of. I made a few inquiries and learned this 'youngster' I had observed was Newton Pratt, our *part-time* editorial cartoonist. At that time, Newt was working fulltime for the California Division of Highways.

"My first impression of Newt Pratt was that this kid could draw. I had served as an office boy in 1934 — and had seen some of the crude drawings submitted by amateurs. I sensed that young Pratt had promise — he was in a different league than the amateurs.

"A year or two later in 1937, Newt Pratt was contributing so *regularly* that Walter Jones offered him a *fulltime* editorial-cartoonist position. Newt accepted — *sacrificing* a career in state government that was paying him as much, if not more, than his starting *Bee* salary of $75 a week; and his giving up the security, generous pension and other benefits state government provided.

"During World War II, I became well-acquainted with Newt Pratt, and we often lunched together at *Hart's Restaurant* near 10th and K Streets, where the *Blue Plate Special* then was priced at 25 cents.

"As time went on, Newt developed an interest in *politics* and, more and more, his editorial cartoons dealt with *political subjects*.

"In fact, Newt complained because Editor Jones was requiring too many editorial cartoons on traffic safety, forest-fire prevention, Mother's Day, July 4th — and even Arbor Day. He thought these subjects were a waste of time.

"At first, Newt did not seem to have *strong personal views* on politics but, as time went on, he became a sincere liberal — admiring *Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Governor Pat Brown* and others, mostly Democrats.

"There were two campaigns in which Newt was under restraint because of a neutral position *The Bee* took in the *Dewey-Truman* race of 1948 and the *Helen Douglas-Richard Nixon* race of 1950. *The Bee* supported *Manchester Body* in the 1950 Senate primary, but declined to go for *Mrs. Douglas* in the run-off against *Nixon*. One of the reasons, as I remember, was that *The Bee* admired *Mrs. Douglas* as an actress and felt she belonged on the stage rather than in Congress.

"Many of the reporters, editorial writers and Newt Pratt, I am sure, were not very happy with these decisions — much like *The New York Times'* staff dissension over the endorsement of *Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower* in 1952.

"But — by 1952 — *The Bee* was back in the fight and backed *Stevenson* over *Eisenhower* both in 1952 and 1956. Newt Pratt truly was in his glory during the 1952 presidential campaign: portraying *Ike* as a 'dunderhead' many of us thought he was — and simultaneously attacking *Nixon* vigorously. Pratt, in his inimitable style, portrayed *Nixon* with a *'five o'clock shadow'* that infuriated The Bee's Republican readers.

"For whatever it's worth, *The Bee* and Newt Pratt must have had an 'impact.' *Adlai Stevenson* carried only seven of California's counties — and six of those counties were in the circulation area of *The Sacramento, Fresno* and *Modesto Bees*. As my predecessor, retired **Political Editor Herbert L. Phillips**, used to say: 'We stopped the *Eisenhower* landslide at the county line.'

"Newton Pratt met *Nixon* once at an *Association of American Editorial Cartoonists'* convention in Washington, D.C. *Nixon* went out of his way to express his disagreement with the editorial policy of *McClatchy Newspapers*.

"But politicians have a *curious* trait. They want the original of an *insulting cartoon*. Newt was always generous in mailing original cartoons to those who requested them, particularly those who were targets of his *destructive* pen. Former *Governor Ronald Reagan* has an original or two in his collection.

"Pratt's work was recognized nationwide — reprints of his cartoons appeared in *Time, The New York Times, Nation* and other publications. He had several opportunities to become a syndicated cartoonist, but his loyalty to his longtime friend, the late Walter Jones, and his love of California kept him in Sacramento.

"I've always marveled at the *genius* of editorial cartoonists, and I've always ranked Newton with the best. Newt would show up for work about 7 a.m. and read the morning papers: *Union, Chronicle, Examiner* (when it was an a.m. paper) and sometimes *The Los Angeles Times*. Then he would be the *first* in line for the opening of the company cafeteria for the 9 a.m. first coffee break. Nobody dared to sit at Newt's special table without an invitation. I was privileged to be one of the *'regulars.'* The conversation always started and ended on *politics*.

"Newt was congenial most of the time but occasionally displayed a streak of *crankiness* — and he didn't care who he was talking to. The late Walter Jones would have verified this. Jones seldom rejected Pratt's rough sketches. But when he did, there were raised voices in the editor's office.

"After finishing coffee, Newt would go back to the drawing board and sketch his cartoon for the next day, invariably on a *timely* subject. After it was approved by Jones, the process of re-sketching and inking it on heavy drawing paper would begin. Newt would

turn it over to the photo-engravers right after lunch and about 2 or 2:30, he would be on his way home to Sierra Oaks Vista to tend his beautiful garden.

"Newt was seventy when he retired in 1971. Newt had admired the work of **Dennis Renault**, a young cartoonist living in Ventura County. Dennis was one of several Newt recommended to Jones — and Jones hired him.

"Now Newt Pratt devotes much time to his oil painting, *specializing* in landscapes — mostly California scenes. He has an *outstanding* camellia grove and divides his time between painting and gardening.

"I think Newt was unhappy over not being part of the *action* in the 1972 presidential campaign — and he would *have reveled* in Watergate. By now, he is very content with his *garden and paint brush.*

"As a political writer, I was always *frustrated* — jealous perhaps — over the *effectiveness* of the editorial cartoon. I could struggle all day with a column idea and finally come up with my message in 500 to 750 words.

"A very limited number of subscribers — the *politically elite* — might read the entire column. A few others might glance at the headline or read the *first* paragraph.

"Most readers look at the editorial cartoon. And in one glance, they receive a message — *clear, to the point* and *often devastating*. This goes for the *good* editorial cartoonists, of course, among whom Newt is *near* the top."

Tom Arden, whose column in The Bee is widely read in Northern California, offered this comment:

"When Newt Pratt got his start on *The Bee*, I was gone. After four years as an office boy and teletype operator, *The Bee* sent me to Oroville as a reporter-photographer — then later to Grass Valley-Nevada City.

"So I was in the *boondocks* in Newt's early years at *The Bee*. When I came back to the office in 1943, Newt was already the *institution* described in a *State Senate Resolution.*

"We were *one big happy family* in the days *The Bee* was located at 7th and I streets. Newt mixed well with the news-gathering gang and was a refreshing addition to the crowd which mingled over a drink or two, or three at the *California Hotel* after work.

"I wouldn't say that Newt could keep up with some of *The Bee* reporters — usually regarded as the *'pros'* in the drinking fraternities.

"Newt's always been a *mischievous* guy. I guess he still is — although I haven't seen him in a couple of years. He could really *sink a needle deep* into a guy — but never *maliciously*. He didn't have to know how to play a piano at a party. He was the *life of the party* for his wit. Sorry I can't give you any *bad stuff* on Newt to balance your article. I just happen to be one of his *greatest admirers* — not only for the *greatness* of his cartoons but also for the *affable* kind of human being he *was* — and *still is*."

Jim Babcock, *The Bee's* sports cartoonist for more than twenty years, added:

"Newt Pratt is a *fantastic* cartoonist and *great* draftsman. I admired his work very much. We were very close — for over twenty years we lunched together and shared the morning coffee break where he *commanded* one table — and I mean he *commanded* it. I remember a new employee approached Newt's respective table one morning and asked if he could sit with the gang. Newt growled back: 'Yes — if you *don't say* a word for a week.' The new man never again came near Newt's table.

"You just had to get *to know* Newt *to appreciate* him. More than anything else, he was a *thoughtful gentleman* who was a constant inspiration. I would say his *incredible* cartoons were influenced by *England's* David Low. Newt was a *great* encouragement to me in all of my cartooning endeavors."

Ric Hugo, whose eye-catching, illustrative cartoons *sparkle* throughout The Bee's pages and who produces the syndicated Sunday *"Caucus"* and the *"Soliloquy"* features, said:

"Crusty? Yes. Critical? Very. Newt Pratt was one of the *best* influences a *rookie cartoonist* could have had. After watching me for several weeks, right after I first arrived at *The Bee*, Newt suggested I send samples of my work to the old Hall Syndicate in New York. He even gave my feature a name, *'Soliloquy.'* Sure enough, Hall Syndicate liked the idea and within months, I was syndicated.

"Newt, always *helpful* and *solicitous*, never really cottoned to what he referred to as my *'damned scritchy-scratchy style.'* Though I was nearly forty at the time, Newt always called me *'Kid.'*

"I think Newt today is one of the best draftsmen in the business — and the way he uses coquille drawing paper and litho crayon is *unmatched.*

"Aside from the technical aspects of his work, I feel Newt is one of the more *serious students* of cartooning. He's very careful in *selecting* his target and is sensitive of the *power* a good cartoonist wields. Now that he spends most of his time in painting and fine art, his editorial contributions are sorely missed."

Dennis Renault, Pratt's successor as *The Bee* editorial cartoonist, recalled:

"Although the *'understudy system'* in political cartooning died long before my decision to enter the field, it was and is still possible to learn a great deal from a *'maestro'* by following his work closely and by periodically soliciting criticism of published and unpublished work.

"Newt Pratt, like most cartoonists, was not an *eager* correspondent but what he did write and say — though frequently couched in *diplomatic language* — was always to the point. In December 1959 when I wrote to him of my intention of becoming a political cartoonist and asked what the prospects were, I was told somewhat impatiently: '. . . adjust your quest for a position to the all-important inclusion of drawings in your application.' When I did so a week later, he replied that the ideas weren't all that bad but '. . . on the point of execution for publication, there is an *appreciable need* for further training' — an opinion, by the way, Newt Pratt still holds.

"Between 1960 and the spring of 1971, he wrote: I'm cutting out of here the last day of June. . . . My advice would be to make a re-

submission of your work to Walt Jones. I'm available for any assistance I can provide. . . . Luck. Newt.'

"We met many times and he would go over my work in a *frank* and *friendly* fashion. Frequently the talk would turn to other cartoonists and what he viewed as a trend toward *grotesque* drawing — represented by Pat Oliphant. He expressed *disappointment* in the successors to his friends: Dan Fitzpatrick and Ross Lewis, as well as Paul Conrad. Although his admiration for David Low is clear, Newt *was nettled* by a comparison for some reason or other.

"Several times Newt wrote me during those years and informed me of job openings at Long Beach, San Francisco and St. Louis he had learned about.

"Concerning management's reaction to his decision to quit in 1971, he wrote: 'I really don't think they know what they're going to do — other than the comfort they seem to be getting in believing that I'm not going to leave.' After thirty-three years, his faithful readers were probably as surprised as his editors."

Tom Zanze, artist, cartoonist and naturalist illustrator for *The Bee*, was equally high in his praise of Newt Pratt. Zanze especially stressed Pratt's *excellence* in draftsmanship, idea development and craftsmanship in final execution of his cartoons. Zanze consented to draw the illustration that accompanies this article.

Sports Columnist Bill Conlin offered this gem:

"Newt Pratt is the *one journalistic genius* Sacramento ever spawned."

Outside the *McClatchy Newspapers'* family come these appraisals:

"Newt Pratt was a *genuine craftsman* in the editorial-cartooning art. His was more than pictorial illustration. Each of his daily cartoons was a *meaningful commentary* on the day's news." — **Paul Conrad**, two-time *Pulitzer Prize* winner, now with *The Los Angeles Times*.

★★★★★

"I always believed Newt Pratt, among the *top ten* editorial cartoonists of his period, spoke the real *'editorial conscience'* of the *McClatchy Newspapers*. Although he undoubtedly was this country's *least recognized* cartoonist, Newt Pratt was one of the greatest political cartoonists of this century." — **Lou Grant,** *The Oakland Tribune's* award-winning editorial cartoonist whose work is syndicated.

★★★★★

"Newt Pratt was one of the *better* political cartoonists of his day. A *master craftsman* in the cartooning art, I was fascinated by his *smooth* and *beautiful* style with the brush. Of course, he was of the *liberal persuasion* which made his fine work even more effective. I liken Newt's style to the unique cartooning renditions of *The New York Sun's* Oscar Cesare during World War I and the 1920s. Why didn't Newt Pratt gain *recognition*, as Lou Grant so aptly pointed out? Because this great editorial cartoonist didn't have *national exposure* — he had no *'window'* on the Eastern Seaboard. Who on the East Coast ever read *The Sacramento Bee*? And this, for Newt Pratt's sake, was *most unfortunate*." — **Karl Hubenthal,** *Hearst Newspapers'* syndicated editorial cartoonist, who works in Encino, California.

★★★★★

"Newt Pratt was one of the *finest* in the editorial-cartooning business. He displayed a *neat, beautiful* style and was a *refined* draftsman. Like *British* cartoonist David Low, he packed a *powerful* punch. Newt — and I admired him — swam *upstream* in the 1950s when everything was *pro-Joseph McCarthy*. My good friend, Herblock, is an *unswerving* admirer of Newt Pratt." — **Ralph Yoes,** presently editorial cartoonist of *The San Diego Tribune*, with twenty-four years service with the *Copley Newspapers*.

★★★★★

Patient probing of the retired master by telephone also revealed:

- Newt Pratt was a *"low sixth-grade dropout."*
- Prior to being hired as editorial cartoonist, Newt Pratt's *first* job in Sacramento, as an office boy, paid $4 a week. From there he worked as *"copy boy"* at The Bee — filling paste pots, washing paste-pot brushes, supplying copy paper to editors and reporters and cutting paper in the newspaper library — from *early* morning until *late* at night.

Checking with the State Personnel Board, this writer discovered that Pratt worked from April 27, 1919 to July 8, 1920 as *'axman'* — cutting undergrowth and small trees in the path of surveyors. During the period of December 6, 1920 *intermittently* through January 27, 1937, Pratt progressed from lowly *axman* to *draftsman, delineator* (mapmaker), *supervising draftsman* to *assistant highway engineer.* It was only when the adminstration of *Gov. Hiram Johnson* complained about Pratt's *caustically* critical cartoons that the young cartoonist decided to work in the *"realm of angels."*

When informed that Newt Pratt had named him as his *favorite* California Governor, former *Gov. Pat Brown* replied:

"Newt Pratt is one of the finest editorial cartoonists the United States has ever produced. He ranks, in my opinion, with *The Washington Post's* Herblock and *The Los Angeles Times'* Paul Conrad in *idea delineation, craftsmanship* and *effectiveness*.

"During my tenure as Governor of California, I remember Newt Pratt as a *'tough'* and *'fair'* political cartoonist who made his points *very clear*. He asked no *quarter* and he gave *none*.

"His powerful cartoons were a *splendid commentary* on state government. He chose *difficult* subjects and developed them with the *expertise* that only great cartoonists possess — and he was always *'fair'* in his treatment. Newt Pratt's *easily comprehensible* cartoons *enhanced* the editorial pages of the *McClatchy Newspapers* which I judged as the *best* in the State of California.

"Newt Pratt was not always *'kind'* to me but when the chips were down and the big issues of state needed support, he was there with a *magnificent* editorial cartoon to let the people know exactly where he stood. He was a *great* cartoonist."

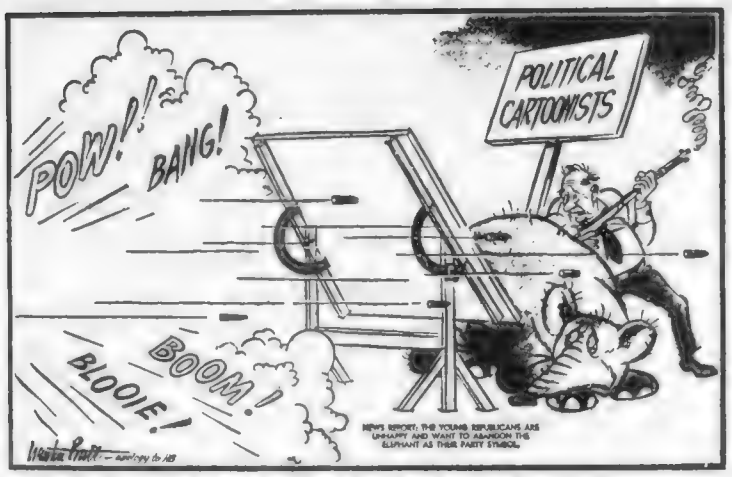
Few of Newt Pratt's admirers know that he and wife Virginia were critically injured in an automobile accident in San Bernardino County's desert area in the 1950s. All occupants in the other car died; Newt and Virginia miraculously survived. Recalling the accident, **James K. Guthrie**

(son of the late James A. Guthrie, editor-publisher of The San Bernardin Sun-Telegram — and later publisher) declared:

"Newt Pratt certainly was one of the great California editorial cartoonists. Dad and I always admired his work. Newt was a guy of *'indominable spirit'* because there is *no reason* he should be alive today because of the terrible, terrible accident he experienced in our county's desert. Editor Walter Jones contacted me and requested that Newt be moved to the City of San Bernardino. Dad and I arranged for Newt and Virginia to be cared for at St Bernardine Hospital. We summoned Drs. Raymond Tatro and Joel Adams (a famous orthopedic surgeon) to perform what they considered to be the *'impossible.'* Their healing ministry — after many operations — prevailed and, after months of recuperation, the Pratts returned to the Capital City."

Newton Thomas Pratt — born, educated, employed and retired in Sacramento — left *deep impressions* on all whose lives he touched. At 76, Newt retains the same *style* and *class* as those memorable days when he worked in full suit and tie at a drawing board he positioned in his lap. His *wit* and *good humor* remain. His ability *to prick* ballooning egos hasn't diminished. And how is this Newt Pratt one-liner for modesty?

"I was not a *'slam-bang, blood-and-guts'* cartoonist; in short, I like to think I fitted *The Bee's* political approach of the *'soft touch.'"* ●



'Fear Not. I Won't Let Them Touch A Bone In Your Head!'

September 26, 1965

There's A New Boy In Town

April 23, 1961

'We Accuse!'

April 16, 1961

'This'll Serve The Supreme Court And Its Reapportionment Right!'

January 24, 1965

Jack Markow

Jack Markow, in 1929. Caricature by A. Birnbaum.

Since the recent slow-down in the magazine cartoon field, cartoonists' organizations have been alerting their members to other categories of cartooning. Thus, there have been many symposiums on children's books, syndication, advertising, animation, and film-strip work. The idea is to keep the freelancer's little fingers busy—so he can remain a freelancer. The current slogan is "Get out of the box"—the "box" referring to the magazine gag panel. Magazine cartooning of this kind has always been highly speculative and often described as "this whacky business". But many artists love this form of cartooning, with its great tradition, and would rather work at it than being involved in any other area of the comics.

There was a time when magazine cartooning was very healthy. Many cartoons were printed but the catch was that a comparatively few privileged people produced them. A lush field—but one tough for newcomers to infiltrate. They were out *of the Box by necessity and conversely had to turn to advertising, posters, spots, and whatnot until the time was ripe to get* in. *The following autobiographical sketch deals with one newcomer's experience during this period—the 1920's, particularly the later years of this decade.*

* * * *

Fresh out of elementary school, I was determined to be a magazine cartoonist. Therefore, of all places, I went to New York's High School of Commerce, a school devoted to the training of business men. Not so crazy, because the school had a good commercial art course and a fine magazine receptive to cartoons. And not all graduates turned out to be business people. For example, my older brother who preceded me at the school by several years became an eye surgeon. And although I did not know them, future political figures Jacob Javits and Abe Beame, slightly younger than I, were there somewhere in the lower classes. I did know Lou Gehrig whose future, as you know, was wielding a bat and not sitting behind a desk. He and some of our other athletics stars, for some reason, chose Drawing as one of their major subjects and we all ended up in the art class.

Upon graduation, armed with the amateurish samples I had collected as art editor of the school magazine, I managed to get a job in the art and sales promotion department of the Fleischmann Yeast Company. Again, on the surface, this seemed an unlikely place for a magazine cartoonist since I had to labor mostly at paste-ups, lettering, layout, and detailed drawings of pastries and bread. The company was jumbled together in a block of low brownstones located in west Greenwich Village. We were six in the art department and were quartered in an attic of one of the old houses. With skylights! We were given artists' smocks to wear and I felt very much the bohemian even though each smock had "Fleischmann's Yeast" embroidered on its back in red. The company was on a "eat yeast for health" kick in those days, and delivered to each employee every day were a couple of inch-square tablets of the stuff which we were required to wolf down or miss out on a possible raise. However, the good note was the firm's house organ for which I did 15 or 20 cartoon spots each month.

Life and *Judge* were the big weeklies then, with a grand past similar to London's *Punch*. In their numerous pages of cartoons, one could see and study American masters of the single panel such as Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, Gluyas Williams, Percy Crosby, John Held Jr., F.G. Cooper, and T.S. Sullivant. See and study? I went further than that. I copied and imitated. For by this time I was even more fired up on becoming a single-panel man. My spots in the yeast conglomerate's house organ would have puzzled anyone with even half a discerning eye. One month they were miniature John Held's; another issue would be devoted to an homage to Gluyas Williams; others were replicas of F.G. Cooper, Rea Irvin, and Ralph Barton—all signed by me. Why not Gibson, Flagg, J.R. Shaver, G.B. Inwood and that school? Too difficult with all that semi-realism, fine pen work, and cross-hatching. Besides I most admired the then newer and more decorative school of Cooper-Irvin. These sorts of cartoons seemed easier to imitate. More knowledgeable people than myself would have known it all was not *that* easy.

In those days there was no way to lift up one's cartooning abilities without some kind of outside influence. The only cartoon instruction available was provided by correspondence courses such as Landon's, Evans', and Zim's. Direct comics teaching as provided much later at the Cartoonists and Illustrators School by Burne

Hogarth, Jerry Robinson, Tom Gill, and myself—was nil.

Therefore, at night after my daily stint at the yeast factory, I was off to the Art Students League—primarily a school of fine art—where I hoped to eke out something which would help in the cartooning, or perhaps illustration, area. Most new students wanted to get into the classes of George Bridgman, famous teacher of Anatomy. Their hopes were quickly squelched; there was a waiting list a mile long for this specialist in bones and muscles. Instead we were sentenced to spend a few months at a basement Antiques class until a studio with life models was available. However we could attend a series of Bridgman lectures, which I did and came away with copious notes. He was very good. Meanwhile, at the Antiques cellar, slavishly copying plaster casts of Greek and Roman sculpture, I—then seventeen—was trying to puzzle out some connection between classic art and cartooning. (Needless to say, as with all experience, it was a help eventually in the comics world).

Finally we ascended to a top-floor skylight studio with living, breathing, three-dimensional models in full color. Not the *Playboy* type by any means but pretty hefty specimens—the better to study "form poised in space" as one of our instructors put it. Our teacher, well-known painter Richard F. Lahey, had been a former Bridgman student and was booked to teach Anatomy. He did this, it seemed, as a duty once a week and got through it fast. He was more excited about the French impressionists and introduced us to Cezanne, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso, and such, who were just beginning to achieve status in this country. He allowed complete freedom in our interpretation of models and of composition. At the end of the week you never saw such a wild collection of drawings and painting—green nudes, blue nudes, flaming-red head studies, perspective askew, no limit on exaggeration! Here, I thought, is perhaps a link with cartooning. At any rate, this was the time I got hooked on fine art and I spent succeeding years doing both cartooning and painting/printmaking.

The League was high on individualism. You paid your money and were assigned an instructor (if available) to your liking. Teachers could be changed at will—after a month, a few months, or a year. Then, attendance and punctuality records were either not kept or ignored. You could come and go at any time during a class session—work hard during your three evening hours or dawdle them away in the school's lunchroom; it was all up to you. This free-wheeling apparently paid dividends judging from the vast list of prominent painting, printmaking, and sculpting alumni. Also quite a few successful illustrators and cartoonists—so the majority of students must have worked hard.

After a short stint with Lahey—and playing the game of musical classrooms—I went to study with Boardman Robinson. Why Robinson, a mural painter? I just wanted to rub elbows with a real, live cartoonist. Robinson had once been a powerful editorial artist for the *New York Tribune*. In his later years, his metier was strictly fine art. He was a great draughtsman and a dynamic red-bearded personality. His critique was much sought after and the most talented students (many now part of Art's who's who) made their way into his classes. Cartooning of course was no part of his curriculum but I considered him a kindred spirit. Carl Rose must have had the same feeling since he was in this same class. Also as a student, there was Alexander Calder—not known then, but impressive. While we all drew on big sketch pads, Calder would lay out eight sheets of connected paper on the floor to sketch the nude—giant-size. Future cartoonists began to appear here and there in the school. Otto Soglow was studying next door with painter John Sloan. And later when I was working in the printmaking class—lo and behold—there beside me was I. Klein and *New Yorker* caricaturist Abe Birnbaum, both laboring on large lithograph stones. A side note here: about this time, Soglow and Rose were engaged in a business enterprise. They rented a booth on the Coney Island boardwalk, where they did fast caricatures at so much a head. Business was brisk and many quarters came in but this venture soon collapsed because of their exorbitant rental costs.

My final port of call at the school was the illustration class. While the drawing was still "serious", here at least one could learn composition, costume, design, and techniques which could be adapted to cartooning. Walter Jack Duncan, the instructor, was a fine writer as well as illustrator. His drawings were solidly constructed with fine characterization—black and white pen work on the style of *Punch* artists such as Charles Keene and DuMaurier. An added dividend for those of us interested in cartoons: he also doubled as a cartoonist, his work appearing regularly in *Life*. His book, "First Aid to Pictorial Composition" (Harper's 1939) is a classic on the subject. Greg D'Alessio and Louis Priscilla were Duncan students later on.

By this time (1927) I had deserted the yeast works and set up my freelance shop complete with letterhead and business cards at Broadway and 39th Street, renting space from a commercial artist and retoucher. I still was "out of the box"—that is, I could not crack the magazines—although two years previously I had sold my first two cartoons to a new and struggling magazine, The *New Yorker*. Its cartoon editor, a young Philip Wylie, came out with the glad tidings of this sale of the small drawings—at $15 each! It was a time of trudging to ad agencies, printers, and department stores lugging my samples. I picked up work thanks to the complete

"Von Quixote", editorial cartoon for the New York Tribune *(1914) by Boardman Robinson, who also worked for* Harper's Weekly *and for* The New Yorker.

"Abandoned Carousel", lithograph by Jack Markow which was exhibited at the Whitney Museum in 1934.

practical training I had acquired on-the-job but still wanted to do satirical one-panels.

Living in Manhattan, I was fortunate to be within walking distance of publishers and also lucky to be there during a change in cartoon-buying habits. *Judge* and *Life* had had their "regulars" for many years, either on contract or agreement. Gibson, Flagg, and all such luminaries were still active and it had been impossible for young, new people to break the barriers. *The Saturday Evening Post* also printed cartoons—but here again, the same faces. *The New Yorker* with its fresh slant on both idea and drawing and its zooming success by now, helped to break the barrier. *Life* and *Judge* were hurting. Some said they were suffering because of lack of liquor ads due to Prohibition. Anyway, they were ready for new concepts, both in cartoons and format.

Duncan, my former teacher, was generous with his invitations to visit his studio. His way of life—a floor-through with north light workrooms in the Village, Eighth Street off Fifth Avenue (sometimes used by illustrator Wallace Morgan), a place to eat and drink around the corner (the old Brevoort), and a club (The Salamagundi) was a youngster's dream of how a successful illustrator or cartoonist should function. He introduced me to many of his illustrator and business friends. Most important, he arranged a meeting with F.G. Cooper who had been appointed art editor of *Life*. *Life's* offices on Madison and 58th Street were very regal but slightly old fashioned, befitting a publication that had been around since 1881. I showed Cooper my sample book. As he looked through it, I remembered with dismay that some of my yeasty house organ cartoons—imitations of F.G.C. himself—were among the specimens. To his credit, he was not taken aback but calmly advised me to keep working and sharpening my own style. Further, he went into a back room and handed me a typewritten gag and asked me to draw it for *Life*. After that, for a period of two years, I had at least one drawing in every issue of the magazine.

In this period (the late 1920's) cartoon presentation and dealings with editors were much more informal than those later on. There were no standard paper sizes for sketches, no Wednesday rounds, no crowds of cartoonists in the outer waiting room, no holds for final approval by committee. The few publishing houses were scattered all over town and you could visit them every day at any time. The editor, usually an astute humor specialist, would okay on the spot. Relations between editor and cartoonist were personal and direct. When playwright Robert Sherwood became top editor of *Life* he immediately wrote personal letters to its contributors inviting them in for a chat any time they were in the neighborhood. In general, a cartoonist could submit just a few drawings at a time if he wished—even a mix of small scrawly sketches and large finished drawings.

The New Yorker departed from the then norm—in several respects. They had a committee to dole out the final "try". "Try" meant maybe they would buy if the first drawing was right—or the tenth drawing. I usually had a few drawings left over from New Yorker submissions which had been "tried" and found wanting. I would take one or two over to *Life* with a few newer small sketches and they would sometimes buy the *New Yorker* rejects, no questions asked. I have mentioned Walter Jack Duncan's connection with *Life*. There, he had a fine arrangement: he would show one finished drawing a week captioned by himself; if the magazine did not like the caption, it would manufacture a new one to go with the drawing. Thus, Duncan was assured a good income each week from this one source. In my own case, when everything I showed in a given week was turned down, this magazine would provide me with one or two ideas to finish up. Not at Duncan's rates, of course. Also, since *Life* was changing its format, I did about 20 new department headings for them plus weekly illustrations for a Walter Winchell column newly introduced in the magazine.

It was possible to interest *The New Yorker* with a mere scrawl-sketch. For example I did one on the back of my letterhead paper, about five inches square. The finish was quite different. Due to my fine arts training, I researched backgrounds very carefully, making sketches on the spot which I converted into a completed drawing which ended up giant-size. At that time I worked at an easel like a painter, illustration board propped vertically, with fat strokes of charcoal and carbon pencil. The result of the tiny scrawl became a full-page in the magazine. The drawings got larger and larger until *The New Yorker* complained, "Enough! Our filing

The Sketch

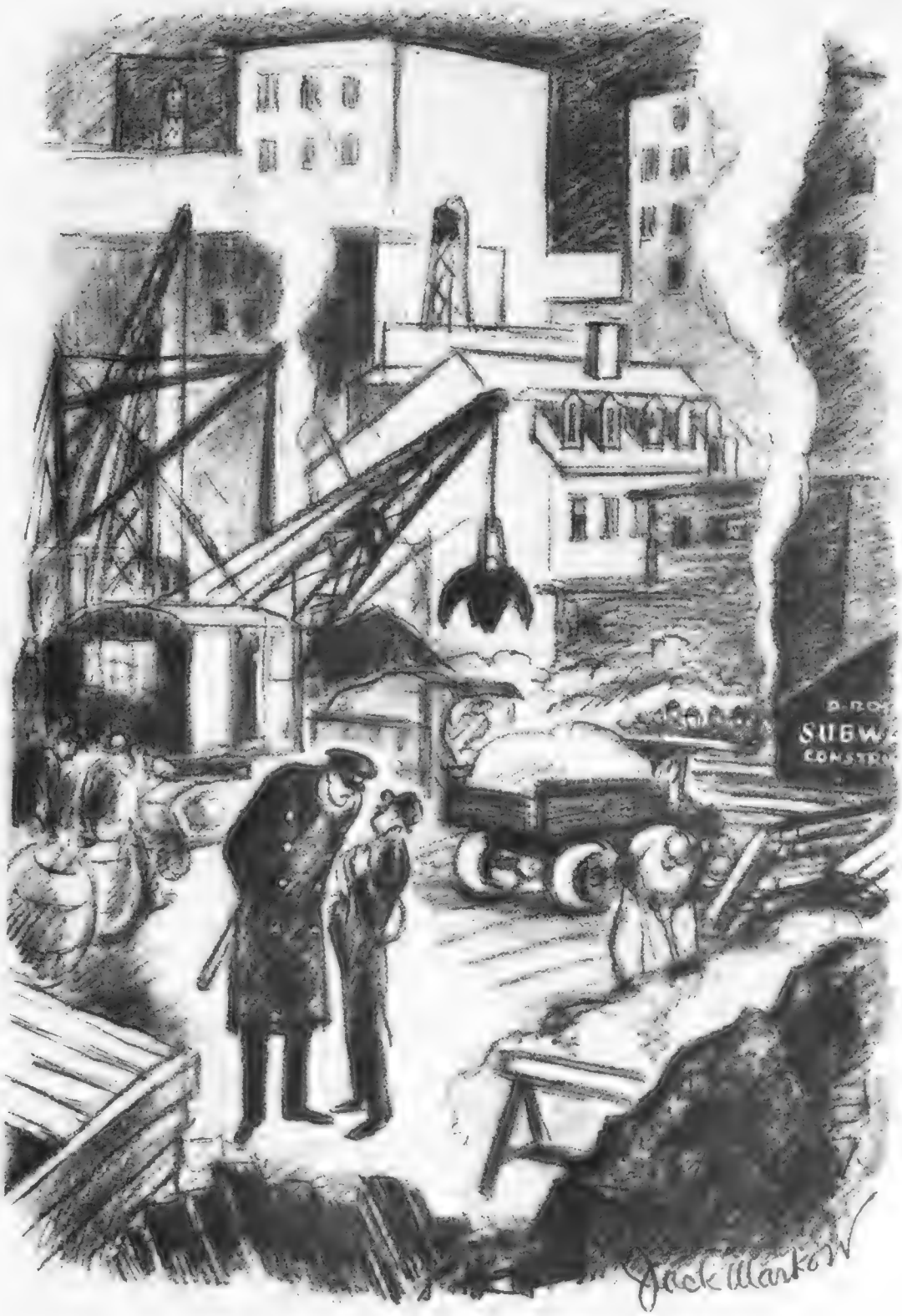
The Letter

THE NEW YORKER
NO. 25 WEST 45TH STREET

Mr Markow

The drawing was swell and we have decided to use it as a full page.

Thelps



"Pardon me, officer, can you tell me where they moved Hudson Street?"

The full page. (Copyright 1928, The New Yorker Magazine Inc.)

cabinets are not large enough to hold 'em."

Judge was housed in a dilapidated fire-trap building on West 44th Street close to Eleventh Avenue—its odd location no doubt due to the offices being connected to its printing plant. Its editor was one of the most knowledgeable in the humor field around—cartoonist-writer Norman Anthony. If *Judge* and *Life* were suffering financially, it did not show on the surface. Adding the embryo *New Yorker,* these three bought a gigantic amount of cartoons each and every week. When Anthony left *Judge* and joined *Life* as editor, the contract-artist scheme at the former weekly was finished and we had three good markets open to all. Also, the *Post* seemed to be loosening up and *Collier's* began to use cartoons (I was the first one in there. Ah, the energy of youth!). Then there was *College Humor* and *Ladies Home Journal,* both becoming receptive to new people; I first appeared in both in 1928. Undoubtedly *The New Yorker* shook them all up. This magazine, while starting with a few established artists like Gardner Rea, Ralph Barton, Helen Hokinson, Alice Harvey, Rea Irvin, and Perry Barlow aimed at developing its own school of cartoonists; among the new ones beginning to appear here were Peter Arno, then working in a litho pencil technique, I. Klein, Carl Rose, and Otto Soglow. It became evident that the other magazines had similar ideas; newer people here were Ed Graham, Paul Webb, E. Simms Campbell, and Harry Haenigsen, among others. Obviously things were looking up for those who wanted to draw in the "box"

This winds up the 1920's. In a later article, I will write about the 1930's and 40's when, despite the Depression, magazine cartooning really grew—and when there was no need to get out of the Box.

Phil Love

For a number of years our beloved columnist, the late PHIL LOVE, wrote a column about comics for The Washington Star, of which he was the Feature Editor. And for the past few years, letters from many of our readers have indicated how much they have enjoyed his piece in each issue of our magazine. Because of this reader interest we are very pleased to say that his widow, Ann Love, has given us permission to publish some of those Washington Star columns of Phil's.

Cartoonists' Goofs Get Quick Reaction

ALFRED ANDRIOLA

This column first appeared on Sept. 12, 1967.

By PHILIP H. LOVE
Feature Editor of The Star

As I was saying a while ago, although the comics are perhaps the most checked-over features in a newspaper, boo-boos do sneak by, and when they do—WOW! Comics fans are quick to take pen in hand, so to speak, to call cartoonists and editors to task.

In a recent Jackson Twins strip, artist Dick Brooks had one Posie T. Peterson refer to the Lovin' Spoonful as being English. He's hiding out in Switzerland now, a fugitive from furious Spoonful fans.

"The wrath of music lovers everywhere has descended on me," he reports, "for inadvertently taking away the birthright of the Lovin' Spoonful. I first realized the enormity of my goof when one of my own daughters read the proofs of the strip and gasped in horror.

"While in England, researching the story, I saw the Spoonful's name in a magazine and in a record shop, and you've got to admit that they LOOK kinda Britishish, so I just assumed. . . . Well, you know . . . anyway, my youngest now has me enrolled in a course in musicology—her own.

"Herewith my apologies to the boys and to all their fans in Washington. More power to them. Certainly, this old earth needs all the spoonfuls of love it can get right now."

* * * *

THEN THERE WAS the time Alfred Andriola got into trouble with an office drinking fountain in one of his Kerry Drake strips.

"I had a character drinking from the spout in one panel," he recalls, "and, to give it an easy designation, let's say the spout was situated in the southeast corner. During the complicated action in the strip, I showed the same character at the same spout several times, but in one panel the spout was at the southwest corner! This is one way of pulling mail, but it's a way I'd much rather avoid."

* * * *

AL SMITH FOUND that it was a mistake to devote one of his Mutt & Jeff strips to baseball. A fan in Philadelphia clipped the strip and sent it to the cartoonist with this note:

"Isn't this a little confusing? The first picture shows Mutt with glove on right hand. That makes him a left-handed pitcher. The second picture shows him tossing ball to batter with right hand, glove on left hand. In the third picture, he is dragged out with glove on left hand. The fourth picture has glove on right hand. How come? This doesn't make sense—or does it?"

"You have a keen eye," Al wrote back. "Let's just pass it off with a laugh and say Mutt is ambidextrous."

* * * *

IN ANOTHER strip, Jeff killed a chicken with his automobile and the farmer told him it was worth $73.20. His reasoning:

"That hen laid at least one egg each day and they's 365 days in a year. She still had at least four years to go; that would have been 1,460 eggs! That makes 122 dozen eggs at 60 cents a dozen. That's $73.20."

"Poor little Jeff," a fan wrote. "The farmer is trying to cheat him. Sixty cents a dozen is 5 cents per egg. That would make 1,460 eggs 20 cents cheaper than the farmer said."

But he was in error, too. As another eagle-eyed reader pointed out, Al had neglected to take Leap Year into account. But I'm not going to try to figure out the difference. My arithmetic is too unreliable for me to run that risk.

* * * *

AL SMITH

john f. langton

NEW YORK POST

John Langton at The Post.

Photo by Joe DeMaria

Lots of things have been happening at THE NEW YORK POST in recent months and JOHN LANGTON, a versatile cartoonist and all around artist on the paper, tells what the pressures and pleasures of his job are in this short piece which John wrote at our suggestion.

At a recent meeting of the National Cartoonists Society, a number of my colleagues asked me how I was able to stand the pressures of one deadline after another. They were referring to my daily deadlines at the New York Post, where in recent months the pace has picked up considerably. Since the Post was purchased last year by Rupert Murdoch, my workload in the art department has doubled. Up until then, my job as a staff artist was rather humdrum...a map here, a cartoon there...some photo retouching. But when Murdoch took over, things began to change, and I for one welcomed it!

The Post began to take on a new look...more pictures, more interesting layouts, and fortunately for me...more cartoons! I started getting excited about getting up and going to work at 1 a.m. in the morning. Since I work on the first edition, that's my starting time...and believe it or not it's a great time to go to work since there's never any traffic in my half hour drive from Elmont, N.Y. where I live.

We have a deadline for the first edition at the Post at 7 a.m., so it doesn't give you much time to fool around with an assignment. Usually when I arrive at the office, the News or Sports Department will let me know if there are any stories in the house that they feel could use a cartoon. There are times when a story will come in much later than my starting time so that leaves little time to dilly-dally. Since time is critical, I usually just skim over the copy looking for something interesting that will lend itself to a cartoon, and then it's right to the pencil. After a quick rough, I've got to get it to the Editor in charge for an O.K., and then get right to the inking. On more than one occasion I've had to turn out two or three cartoons in one morning. You have to keep one eye on the clock because after the cartoon has been pencilled, inked, and benday indicated, it has to go to the Engraving Department to be shot and put onto metal. At the same time, the Engravers are turning out maybe 70 or 80 other pieces of art for the edition...photos, maps, and even some last minute ads. It's interesting to see all the activity going on throughout the night...stories being phoned in, photographers developing pictures, the rewrite desk, final editing, etc...and finally, everything is pulled together at press time. It still

Unless otherwise noted, the Langton cartoons for this story appeared in the N.Y. Post.

Quick Quiz!

by LANGTON

6-30
1. WHICH WORLD CITY IS KNOWN AS THE CITY OF KINGS?
A. LIMA, PERU
B. OSLO, NORWAY
C. BRASILIA, BRAZIL
2. THE HUMAN BRAIN IS GETTING BIGGER AS MAN EVOLVES.
A. TRUE
B. FALSE
3. WHERE DID THE PROCESS OF CANNING ORIGINATE?
A. FRANCE B. U.S.S.R. C. U.S.A
ANSWERS: 1.A, 2.B, 3.A
Copr. Gen'l Features Corp.
TM-World Rights Rsvd.

Syndicated panel for General Features Syndicate.

A 'Clip-Art' assignment for Dynamic Graphics Inc.

LANSTON
17
HOFSTRA

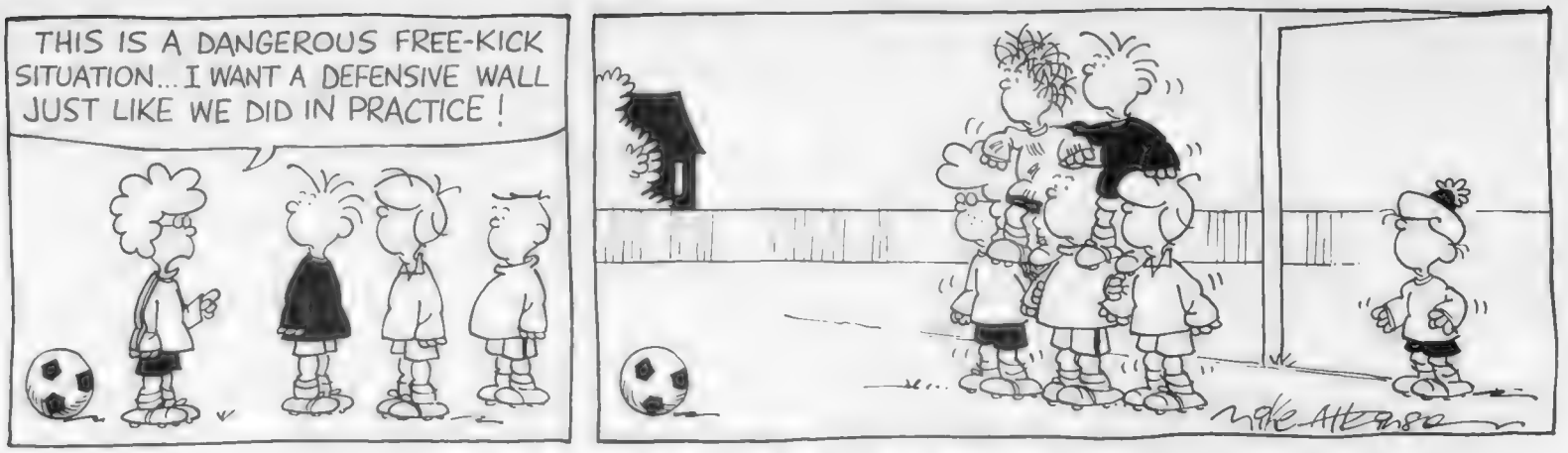
amazes me every day..as many times as I've seen it.

Although I have my daily deadlines at the New York Post, I'm also into quite a bit of freelancing...and here again there's always the time factor. Many of my clients are in the New York area, but I have one or two out of state clients, and it's not unusual to find the mailman ringing my doorbell at any time with a special delivery assignment from out of town. One of my best accounts is a Peoria, Illinois based 'Clip Art' outfit that keeps me quite busy. They work a few months ahead, and their assignments come in like clockwork so I can pretty much stay ahead with them and gear my other freelance work accordingly. I'm a regular contributor to 'Crazy' magazine, do covers for one of the largest Crossword publishers in the country, and also do some comic book work for Western Publishing.

I think the key word for the Cartoonist coming up today is 'versatility'. I know when I first started art school, I was lucky enough to have two of the best instructors and most respected Cartoonists in the business as teachers—Burne Hogarth and Jerry Robinson who were both teaching at that time at the School of Visual Arts. When I attended in 1954, the school was called the Cartoonists and Illustrators School. Burne and Jerry both instilled the word versatility in my mind, and I was glad they did. I found that if you could do both realistic and humorous work you'd always be able to keep busy. Shortly after art school, I began assisting Jerry Robinson and it was with Jerry that I learned the true meaning of 'versatility'! At that time, Jerry was doing realistic book illustration, comic book work, and was beginning to formulate his very successful 'Still Life' and 'Flubs and Fluffs' features. The experience of working with Jerry can't be put into words...every day there was something new to learn and keep in the back of my head for future use.

Finally I spread my wings and began freelancing...doing everything from gag cartoons to editorial cartoons, realistic line work, a syndicated feature for General Features, and even greeting cards. Although I prefer to work in a humorous style, it's comforting to know if I have a slowdown with any of my clients, I can always switch to my realistic style to make a buck.

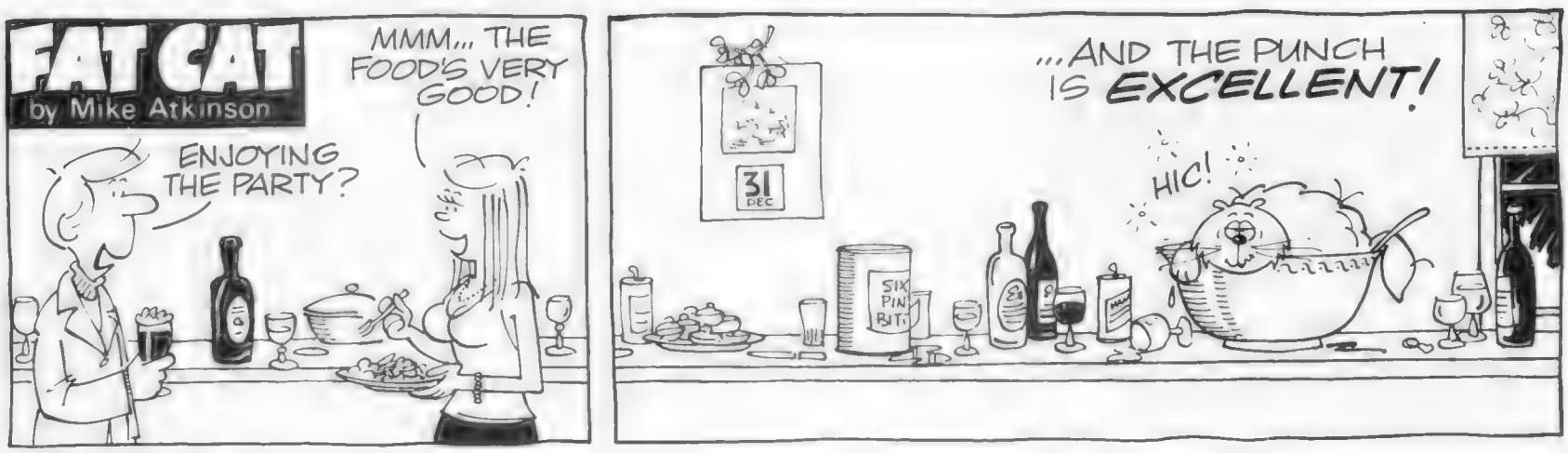
People are always asking me what I do for relaxation...my answer...WORK! I'm what you might call a 'workaholic' and I thrive on it! Fortunately, my wife Anne has a lot of patience and is very understanding. With my weird hours it's not unusual to eat dinner at odd times. Actually I probably get to see my family more than I would if I had a 9 to 5 job. I have two sons, John 18, and Michael 14, and I'm always home when they come home from school. Although both are somewhat artistically inclined, neither wants to become a Cartoonist. As we all know, it's a tough grind requiring an awful lot of discipline, patience, blood, sweat and tears...but I wouldn't change it for any other profession in the world!



CURLY & CO.

Mike Atkinson

MIKE ATKINSON, one of the members of the Cartoonists' Club of Great Britain, has three regular features running in newspapers in England. 'Arfur Million' is a weekly panel in the Daily Mirror in London, and it appears on the 'Pools' page of that paper. Mike adds that the football pools in England offer people the chance to win a fortune by forecasting the results of soccer matches, and that most newspapers run a pools column which gives advice on forecasting the games, statistics, league standings, etc. The hero in his cartoon is a guy who has won 500,000 pounds on the pools—hence the title. The gags are built around his reaction to sudden ly acquiring a vast fortune. Atkinson's 'Fat Cat' appears in the London Sunday Express every week. 'Curly and Co.', which is Mike's favorite, appears in the Birmingham Evening Mail every Saturday. This strip features a bunch of kids, with local interest introduced by way of Nobby and Butch, who are fans of the two Birmingham soccer teams—on opposing sides, of course. Their rivalry is one of the features running through the strip. And Atkinson has just had a 'Dimples' panel accepted for publication in 'Woman's Realm' magazine. In order that our readers in various countries may hear what's involved in 'making it' in cartooning in England, we've asked Mike Atkinson to talk about some of the experiences he has had.



I first had a cartoon published in 1966. Since then a lot of ink has flown from the pen, and a lot of rejection slips have plopped through the mail box.

If there's one thing a would-be cartoonist has to develop, it is a built-in resistance to the 'Not today thankyou . . .' notes which Editors seem to despatch with such alacrity. A fellow cartoonist once said to me that cartoonists serve a ten year apprenticeship. I can't help feeling that there is a fair amount of truth in that statement.

I suppose cartooning started for me when I was nine or ten years old, and used to draw my own comic books, inventing my own characters and super-heroes. Each one only seemed to last about one issue, but it gave me a lot of fun at the time.

Later on, during my early working days in the display department of a department store in the north of England, a number of us used to produce our own hand-drawn MAD type magazines, each trying to out-do the other with crazy drawings, joke ads etc.

Although I drew quite a lot of cartoon stuff at this time, it was purely for my own amusement, and it never occurred to me to try sending any of my efforts to magazines or newspapers.

Then I heard that a cousin of mine had sold a cartoon to a local newspaper for £5. . . . a not insignificant sum in the early 60's! I decided that if he could do it so could I—and from then on I was bitten by the bug.

I took a correspondence course in cartooning, which taught me a number of exciting things like how to use process white, and how to do cross-hatching. The tutor said a lot of nice things about my drawings, but it didn't turn me over-night into a successful cartoonist, which I suppose is what I had hoped for.

I think if there is one thing I've learned in twelve years of cartooning, it's that there is only one way to develop your talent, and that is to work at it. But really work. . . to draw, and draw, and draw. A cartoonist never stops learning!

I remember when I sold my first cartoon I was so excited. I cut it out of the paper and kept it in my wallet to show all my friends. This naturally spurred me to greater efforts, and I continued to draw and sell gag cartoons with a fair amount of success. However, the world of strips had always interested me, and I gradually discovered after much experimentation, that for me anyway, the strip format was an easier way to work. It is much more flexible. There are so many ways a strip can develop from the first frame. Also, as strips by their very nature have to be published on a regular basis, it seemed a much more reliable way to earn money from cartooning.

I remember being greatly influenced when I bought a book of Johnny Hart and Brant Parker's 'Wizard of Id'. I think that a young cartoonist can learn a great deal by studying the work of the top people in his field. Initially, it may be that you tend to copy the style of your favourite artist, but gradually as you work at it, you find your own style emerging.

My early efforts certainly looked a bit 'Wizard of Id'-ish. But where the almost slap-dash drawing style of Brant Parker is so right for W. of I., I finally came to the conclusion that mine just looked a mess! And so I have evolved a more precise style of drawing which seems to suit me better.

I like to have plenty of ideas when I sit down to draw, so I have thinking sessions and drawing sessions. To get ideas a favourite method is doodling on a pad.

I usually start with a situation in the first panel, and then try to develop that situation into a twist in the final frame so that the reader is taken by surprise. Occasionally though, it works the other way and I may have a joke idea which I think would work in a strip, and I have to tag a build-up in front of it.

If for some reason an idea doesn't seem to quite work, I may put it to one side and forget about it for a while. When I return to it later, it's almost as though I haven't read it before and I get a fresh reaction, and maybe think of a new tag line, or a new direction that the strip can take. I find that mixing with people is a vital part of a cartoonist's life. Just talking with friends in a relaxed atmosphere helps keep the brain ticking over, and can often stimulate ideas.

About five years ago I became a member of the Cartoonists' Club of Great Britain, and got to meet some of the people whose names were so familiar to me through their work. It was gratifying to be reassured that most cartoonists seemed to suffer the same problems as myself, and nice to be able to talk 'shop'. The Cartoonists' Club has monthly meetings in London, and occasional 'cultural' visits to the provinces, where vast quantities of beer are usually consumed.

Cartooning is, by its very nature, a lonely kind of occupation, which I think is the reason why many practitioners of the art are often to be found in pubs. Well. . . that's MY excuse anyway!

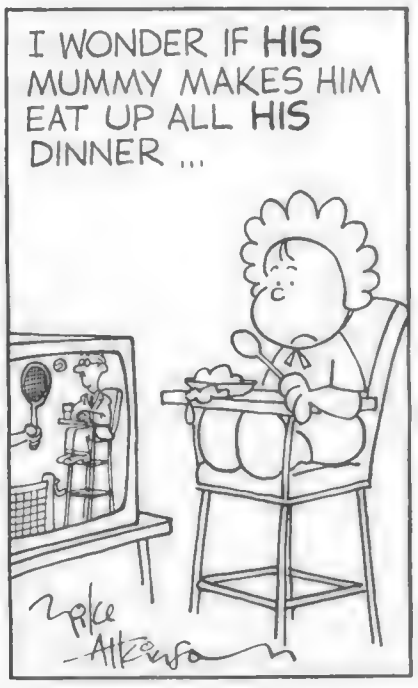
I have always been particularly interested in the U.S. comics scene. How nice to pick up a paper and have pages of strips and cartoons to read. Comparatively speaking, we fare rather badly in England, particularly in the so called 'quality' papers, where a page of comics would be unheard of. Consequently I always feel rather starved of the comics, and when I last came over to the U.S. I was buying papers all over the place!

I hope I will be able to visit again soon, and maybe get the opportunity to meet some of the American cartoonists whose work I admire so much. ●

ARFUR MILLION

"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T FLAUNT OUR WEALTH QUITE SO OPENLY DORIS!"

dimples



SAID & DUNN

Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers.

by Bob Dunn

BOB NAYLOR 1949

Cartoonist Rube Naylor has a good idea. Viz: That there should be a repository for data on cartoonists before people who know the comic artists pass on without leaving a record of what made the funnies men tick. I appreciated Naylor's suggestion when I was having a very tough time digging up facts on the immortal Tad Dorgan, creator of 'Indoor Sports'.

My nomination for keeper of the kudos is Editor Jud Hurd of this magazine. I promise to help and I know we can depend on Bob Naylor too. Anybody named Bob I call 'Rube' since reading that heavyweight champ, red-complected Bob Fitzsimmons was dubbed 'Ruby Robert' by Tad. My own son, Bob Jr. — I've called him 'Rube' since he was a little boy. With a cartoonist like Bob Naylor the name 'Rube' also was in honor of the great Rube Goldberg. Rube Naylor calls me 'Rube' also, which should add to confusion in general.

I'm always interested in how cartooners got a start in the business. Rube Naylor had an early and prestigious start in the bigtime. Naylor grew up in Asbury Park, New Jersey, and won prizes for drawing in his early teens. In athletics he was coached by Paul Robeson no less. Robeson was a Rutgers All-American end back then.

In the good ol' roaring 1920's Naylor got a job in the comic art department of King Features at Columbus Circle in New York. One of the hit comic panels in those days was 'Embarrassing Moments' by Herriman of Krazy Kat fame. Young Naylor could ape any style. He liked the 'Embarrassing Moments' cartoons and drew one using an original gag idea of his own but drawn in Herriman's style. He sent it with an accompanying letter to Herriman in Hollywood, California. Darned if the great cartoonist didn't put Naylor's name on the cartoon and mail it in to the syndicate with five others of his own. When Bob, the apprentice comic artist, saw his handiwork in the Daily Mirror, he was so pleased he literally relieved Herriman of doing the 'EM' feature for the next several weeks. Naive Naylor was never paid a dime for his published 'Moments' cartoons — Herriman probably thought the syndicate was paying, and Bob was too nice to holler. Every one the young man drew was used. Herriman did sign Naylor's name to all of them but crusty Leo McManus, comic art editor, would order the new signature removed, whereupon the young ghost artist gave up the project.

A little later Ad Carter came on the scene with his new comic page sensation, 'Just Kids'. Ad needed an assistant and Bob filled the bill for many years, and since Ad didn't require *all* Bob's time (just most of it), the youngster continued to work in the King comic art department. Among the cartoondom great that Rube worked for, were George McManus, Chic Young (comic books), Darrell McClure (Vanilla and the Villains), Harry Hershfield (Abie the Agent and Meyer the Buyer), Paul Fung Sr. (all kinds of ads, Polly & Her Pals, and Dumb Dora), Jack Lait's strip 'Gus and Gussie', Walter Hoban's 'Jerry on the Job', a flying strip, 'Barney Baxter' by Frank Miller, and Les Forgrave's 'Big Sister', and 'Danny Dingle' by Dibble. Among the many cartoon ads produced

Bob Naylor's first 'Herriman' cartoon.

by Naylor were the Jello account, featuring Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone as cartoon characters; the Wheatena account; Fletcher's Castoria; and he finished Hoban's Grape-Nuts-Flakes ads when Hoban became ill, which led to him taking over the 'Jerry on the Job' strip. Young and Rubicam liked Bob's work so much he was signed to do the Grape-Nuts ads for an additional 26 weeks.

Yes, there are thousands of cartoon stories in the Naked City, so let's heed Rube Naylor's urging and write up those biographical notes on funny-paper guys great and small. For starters, how about somebody at NEA sending me some material on the man who drew 'Everett True'. I think his name was Condo. Another plea to NEA. How about a Xerox of Gene Ahern's early strip 'Otto Auto'?

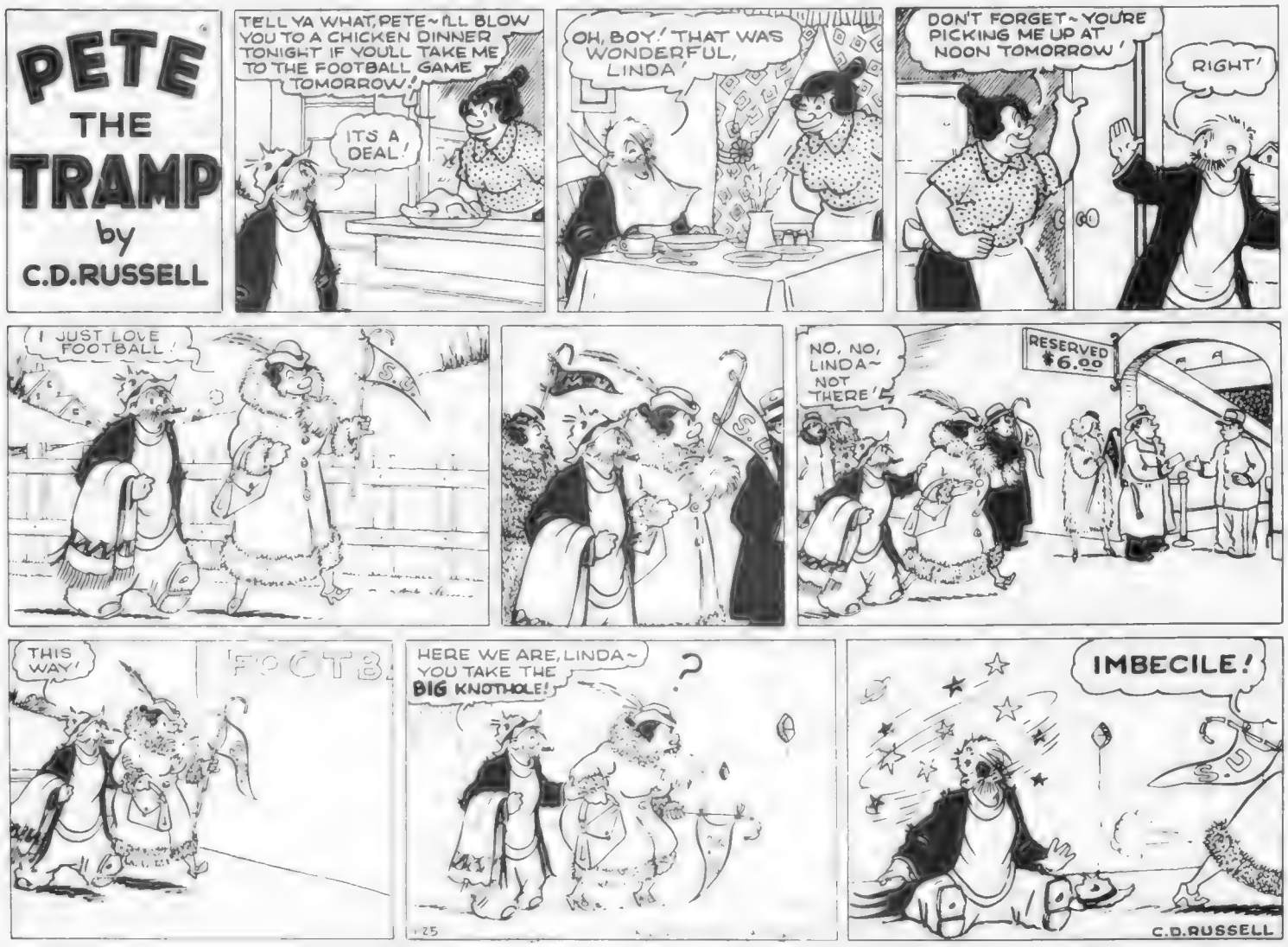
Somebody out there must have some stories on great girl artist, Jeff Machamer; a story or two on James Trembath, high class magazine cartoonist; Bob Edgren and Ed Hughes, terrific sports cartoonists. Edgren inspired Ripley. So while we wait for your mail to pour in, I'll tell you one: about C. D. Russell, the kind, funny man who drew 'Pete the Tramp' for Judge, the popular humor magazine about 1925-29, and then had the feature taken over by King Features. The 'C.D.' in his signature stood for 'Clarence David'. He grew up in cold Buffalo, N.Y., where he drew in his school books and fought the taunters who razzed him about his name. C.D. was beginning to sell editorial cartoons to the Buffalo papers when Kaiser Bill's U-boats sunk the Lusitania, plunging the U.S. into World War I. C.D. was among the first to shoulder a musket. He joined

C.D. RUSSELL 1949

the Marines, saw action and was decorated for his part in the turning-point battle of Belleau Wood. When the war was over in 1918, C.D. worked on the great service publication 'Stars and Stripes'. The best known cartoonist (American, that is) to come out of the armed forces paper was Wally Wallgren who drew 'The Demon Saluter'. C.D. returned to the good old U.S.A. on the Leviathan, the impounded German luxury liner Vaterland, with his future all planned. He'd be a comic artist. Life, Judge, and Film Fun were expanding, buying more cartoons than ever. And the newspapers seemed ready to launch new features to fill the space left vacant by the passing of Outcault who had drawn 'Buster Brown' and old Pop Schultz who was no longer able to produce his cartoon-history-maker, 'Foxy Grandpa'. A sad footnote is that Schultz, one of the most famous comic artists ever, wound up living in a little room at the YMCA, and paying for room and keep by making signs for the 'Y' like 'Rooms must be vacated by noon', and 'No smoking in bed'. It's to the Y's credit that somebody there figured how to use Schultzy's talent at the end of the road.

C.D. Russell became a sensation in the middle nineteen-twenties with his 'Pete the Tramp' which became a weekly feature of Judge, edited by a great comic editor, Jack Shuttleworth. Pete's popularity made the syndicates sit up, and in June 1929, at the peak of the prosperity boom, Russell signed with King Features and took up residence at the Newark Athletic Club, the cornerstone of which had been laid by C.D.'s old companion in arms — General John J. Pershing.

Pete the Tramp by C. D. Russell. © 1956 King Features Syndicate, Inc.



My favorite story about C.D. is when he and his bride-to-be, Mary, went looking for new digs. He was giving up his bachelor quarters at the club. They picked Greenwich, Connecticut as a likely spot and told a real estate man what they wanted — three bedrooms with three baths would be nice but not the determining factor. Living room with workable open fireplace, dining room, modern kitchen, and maid's quarters, all mere suggestions. The only adamant requirement was that the house must feature a studio with a north light. The realtors soon found out they were wasting their time if the property they were peddling didn't have exactly the proper sky-windowed roof with light coming from north on Mary's girl-scout compass. They were shown studios with light from the east, northeast, west, south, and west-northwest, but the artistic Russells knew what they wanted: *North Light!* And so it came to pass that a beautiful French chateau, featuring a luxurious studio with slanting glass roof to let in the precious light from the north, became the new abode of the Russells, and the place where comic artist C.D. turned out his daily and Sunday 'Pete the Tramp' strips and pages. P.S. — Russ never did get to use that precious, costly north light. Long ago C.D. had gotten into the routine of working all night and sleeping all day. He did all his art work in a studio costing $150,000 under a single 100-watt bulb!

Now I'll dwell on chalk-talkers. Every cartoonist at some time or other, has stood at an easel and drawn big pictures for an audience. The first one I ever heard of was a burlesque comedian named Pat Casey, who for his specialty act "in one" as they called it when the actor did a single down near the footlights, drew caricatures of William Jennings Bryan, Pres. McKinley, and the man behind McKinley — multi-millionaire Mark Hanna. My father explained, before I could ask, what he was doing at a burlesque show in those innocent 1890 days. Burlesque was family entertainment, doing takeoffs on the big operettas.

Casey was an Irish comedian. All the Irish comics made up more or less alike — which, by the way, inspired George McManus when he drew his immortal 'Bringing Up Father'. George drew Jiggs to look like Billy Barry, the comic in 'The Rising Generation' which played at the Gaiety Theatre which was owned by McManus's dad. Doorman was Frank James, brother of Jesse. Chalk-talker Casey's big finish (my father told me) was drawing 'Moneybags' Mark Hanna front face. The audience would wait for the artist to draw Hanna's big ears. The house would come down when Casey would put big dollar signs on the sides of the politician's head.

Winsor McCay played the big time. He was a headliner. His act consisted of the first animated cartoon, the beautifully drawn 'Gertie the Dinosaur'. McCay, by the way, had drawn thousands of complete frames (no short cuts then) for the animated movie, when his studio burned down, along with all the intricately shaded Gertie action cels. What did McCay do? Moved into another studio and re-drew the entire film-to-be.

Sidney Smith, of The Gumps, appeared in Chautauqua, an outdoors, part educational — part entertainment branch of showbiz which was acceptable to the old-time religionists who found vaudeville uncouth.

Rube Goldberg was so hot in 1909 people would buy the paper on the street, turn to Rube's cartoon, read it and laugh out loud as passers-by milled around. This was told by Ed 'Minute Movies' Wheelan, when he was recalling the good old days. Rube was hot. So vaudeville was a natural. Rube was booked into the Colonial Theatre at Columbus Circle. The Colonial was famous or infamous for its very critical Monday matinee first show audience of non-selling salesmen, tough, work-ducking cab drivers, and a smattering of wise-guy hecklers who passed on the acts like the lion-rooters in the Roman Colosseum. (It was here that young Jack Benny walked out and said "Hello Folks", only to receive a tumult of catcalls and razzberries. Benny kept right on walking, saying, "Goodbye Folks" as he exited on the other side.) On Rube's entrance for his first show, he didn't wait for the toughs' reaction. He beat them to the punch. He looked up in the center balcony where all the self-appointed critics gathered and addressed them: "Hello Bums!" There was a split-second shock of silence and then howls of laughter and thunderous applause. Rube could do no wrong. He never used that opening again but with those two words Rube conquered vaudeville.

JUST KIDS
THAT WAS A WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY PARTY YOU AND YOUR FATHER GAVE ME
IT WAS SUCH A NICE PICTURE WE SAW-BUT I GUESS YOU DIDN'T CARE FOR IT
IT WAS ALL RIGHT
I DIDN'T MIND THE GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER DYING AND THE UNCLE FALLING OFF THE ROOF - BUT —
—BUT WHY DID THE LITTLE DOG HAVE TO GET KILLED?
4-14
H.D. PORTER

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George McManus, Tom Powers, Hy Mayer and Richard Outcault had a class cartoon act. They appeared in white tie and tails at four big easels. They broke in the act on a cross-country tour with a star-studded Lambs' Gambol. Their big applause getter was to draw what looked like a hodgepodge on their individual boards, *but*, when the four drawings were turned upside down and joined together, it was a caricature of Teddy Roosevelt, the man-of-the-hour back there in 1910.

Bruce Bairnsfather, British creator of the World War I cartoon, 'The Better 'Ole with Ol'Bill', toured the Keith Circuit in 1922-23 taking 15 minutes to complete one big cartoon of Ol' Bill in a chimney which has just been hit by a shell. As he drew, Bairnsfather talked about life in the English Army. He stood on different sized stepladders to fill the 18 × 20 foot rigid Bristol board.

Bill Steinke was a good chalktalker. I remember seeing him at Proctor's every year while he worked on The Newark Ledger. Milt Gross, Al Capp, Ham Fisher, Otto Soglow, and Russell Patterson all had a flair for showmanship. Today, Bil Keane, who draws 'The Family Circus' does an outstanding stand-up cartoon-double talk act.

Television in the early days used cartoonists on charade shows and kiddie programs. A cartoonist drawing in person is too slow for a public used to seeing animation miracles on the tube. Today some news programs use caricatures to illustrate stories. Our National Cartoonists Society member, Wild Bill Lignante, sketches courtroom trials for TV where cameras are taboo. Pompadour Bill Kresse had a good "How-To-Draw" show for kids which he is readying anew for the tube.

I think TV needs cartoonists served up live. They make interesting talk-show guests. (As for inster Mort Walker and Dik Browne with Jack O'Brian). A quick caricature would be a novel way to intro a personality and would be a relief from the run-of-the-mill master of ceremonies.

But I've always thought New York's great Mayor LaGuardia put on the best show ever when he read the funnies to the kids over the air during one of the newspaper strikes.

THE FUNNIES! ONWARD AND UPWARD FOREVER! ●

Part of the new creative team of animators at Disney Studio, (left to right) John Pomeroy, Don Bluth, Gary Goldman and Andy Gaskill, study model sheets that determine the cartoon design of the key characters in Walt Disney Productions' new animated cartoon feature, "The Rescuers."

behind the scenes at WALT DISNEY'S

by Ed Black

Ed Black, an Ohio Radio & TV newsman, and a very knowledgeable animation and cartoon buff, has written a number of stories about top professionals in our field for previous issues of CARTOONIST PROfiles. As you will recall, he has PROfiled animators Chuck Jones and Ward Kimball, as well as Dick "Gasoline Alley" Moores during the past few years.

In this piece he takes us behind the scenes of the Walt Disney production, "Pete's Dragon."

When Disney Productions first announced the production of "PETE'S DRAGON" in June, 1976, it was billed as the Studio's most ambitious project since "MARY POPPINS" in 1964.

MARY POPPINS was a box office blockbuster, and received several Oscars during the 1965 Academy Award presentations, including one for the animation team headed by MacClaren Stewart for that picture.

Since MARY POPPINS, the Studio turned out two other musicals, "THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE" with Fred MacMurray and Tommy Steele in 1967, and "BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS" in 1970 with Angela Lansbury. But neither of those films was taken to heart as much as MARY POPPINS was by both the public and critics alike.

"PETE'S DRAGON" does appear to be quite an ambitious project. It was given about one year's production time, with the cameras rolling on July 6, 1976, to be ready for Christmas, 1977, release, which it was.

There are some significant aspects of the latest Disney effort both in front of and behind the cameras which ought to be pointed out. The picture is partially animated and the animation is the first to be done entirely by the new group of animators trained since 1973 to ostensibly keep the quality of Disney animation alive.

The key staff of Disney animators, who've been involved in the most memorable Disney animated products, now called classics, have been retiring. One has died. Walt Disney referred to this group of key men as the "Nine Old Men" and the tag stuck. These were the men who came to the Studio (on Hyperion Avenue in L.A. then) when they were in their early 20s or younger, and have spent their entire adult lives

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ELLIOTT THE DRAGON

virtually developing the animated cartoon into the art form it became under Disney's tutelage. Yes, there were dozens of animators who worked on the shorts and features during the productive 1930s, '40s and '50s; some stayed. Others left and some died untimely, such as Fred Moore, who was killed in a car crash in Sunland in the mid-50's. But involved integrally in practically all of the Studio's animated efforts were "The Nine Old Men."

Who are these men? Where are they now? They are Les Clark, Ward Kimball, John Lounsbery, Frank Thomas, Ollie Johnston, Marc Davis, Milt Kahl, Eric Larson, and Woolie Reitherman.

Look on the credits of any Disney animated feature from "Snow White" to "The Rescuers" and their names appear as animation supervisors, animators, or directing animators.

Les Clark and Ward Kimball have each retired. Clark graduated from high school on a Thursday in 1929, and went to work for Disney the following Monday. Kimball was studying art in his native Santa Barbara with hopes of becoming a magazine illustrator when he came to the Studio in 1934. In Issue 34 of CARTOONIST PROfiles, Grim Natwick referred to Milt Kahl as the "Zeus of Animators." He is considered by many to be THE top animator, second to none. This reporter heard laudatory comments about Kahl in 1969 and his animation of Tigger the Tiger for a "Winnie the Pooh" featurette which went on to win the Oscar as Best Cartoon of the Year, and has been shown on television as a special several times. Be that as it may, Kahl has been retired from Disney's since April, 1976, when he finished the animation of the Snoops and Madame Medussa characters for the fully animated feature, "THE RESCUERS."

John Lounsbery was co-director of "THE RESCUERS" when he died of a heart attack in early 1976. Marc Davis, who animated Alice for "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" and the SLEEPING BEAUTY character, Aurora, retired from animation to devote full time to the design of displays at Disneyland and Disney World, at WED Enterprises in Glendale. WED, incidentally, stands for Walter Elias Disney. (He used to refer to the WED employees as "imagineers."). Both Davis and Lounsbery came to the Studio in 1935.

Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston, who came to the Studio in 1934 and 1935 respectively, retired at the beginning of 1978. They'll be around the Studio periodically, though, but as authors not as animators. They're collaborating on a book devoted to animation.

Those still at the Studio are Woolie Reitherman and Eric Larson. Neither are involved in production animation at the present time. Since 1961, Reitherman has been a director and later a producer of the Studio's animated productions. He produced and co-directed "THE RESCUERS" released last year and he's currently producing the next fully animated feature, "THE FOX AND THE HOUND."

Larson is in charge of the training program for the new animators hired to carry on what the "Nine Old Men" learned and developed over the years, actually starting from ground zero.

Some of the new people did animation for "THE RESCUERS." Those animating in "PETE'S DRAGON" are John Pomeroy, Gary Goldman, Chuck Harvey—who helped Ollie Johnston with the albatross character in "THE RESCUERS"—Ron Clemets, Bill Hajee. Randy Cartwright and Glen Keane. Dorse Lanpher is the effects animator and assistant supervisor is Chuck Williams.

The animation director for "PETE'S DRAGON" is Don Bluth who, at 39, is considered the head of the new young team. Bluth is the first of the new group to attain the rank of animator.

He was born in El Paso, Texas, and raised on a farm in Payson, Utah. His family moved to Santa Monica in 1954, when he was a senior in high school.

Bluth actually came to the Studio in 1955 after going back to Utah for one year of college study at Brigham Young University. At that time he was hired on as assistant animator, working on the film, "SLEEPING BEAUTY." Bluth then left the Studio two years later for a mission to Argentina for the Mormon church. He came back to Southern California two and a half years after that and started a theater with his brother in an old Culver City supermarket. After two years, he returned to college and graduated.

In 1967, Bluth returned to animation in Reseda in the San Fernando Valley at the Filmation Studios. In April, 1971, he came back to Disney's and did work on "ROBIN HOOD" (1973), and "WINNIE THE POOH AND TIGGER, TOO," (1974). He was also directing animator on "THE RESCUERS" before put-

ting all effort on "PETE'S DRAGON" during the summer of 1977.

Actually, there is some transition of the old and the new associated with "PETE'S DRAGON." The character was designed by Disney veteran Ken Anderson, who is retiring in April, 1978, after 43 consecutive years at the Studio. He came on board at the same time some of the "Nine Old Men" of animation did: 1934. He worked on the art direction, layout and production design, and color and styling end of things, working on "SNOW WHITE." He designed all the characters for "ROBIN HOOD" in 1973, and finished designing the characters for the forthcoming "CATFISH BEND" before working on "PETE'S DRAGON."

Designing Elliott the Dragon isn't the only time Anderson has been involved with dragons. He storyboarded the dragon fight sequence for "SLEEPING BEAUTY" in the mid-50s (The picture took six years to make, so it's hard to pinpoint just what year Anderson worked on that particular dragon sequence.).

Ken Anderson was schooled in architecture by winning a competition to study in France and Rome. Armed with a Bachelor of Architecture degree, he came to Los Angeles and worked as a sketch artist for MGM before coming to Disney's.

Work on "PETE'S DRAGON" began in July, 1976. Anderson says the animation schedule was backbreaking. He says the young crew worked twice as fast as the older animators could have. On "PETE'S DRAGON" you had to be young or you would die," he quipped. Anderson says the actors didn't have too much trouble working in a scene where the co-star was being drawn miles away from location. They worked with a model. Anderson says the live action crew had to adjust to the fact Elliott would be painted in later.

Anderson's design of Elliott has the same basic construction as all of the Disney characters from Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, each of the seven dwarfs, Smee in "PETER PAN" and so on: the circle and the pear. This makes the character more flexible and, well, animatable. It was used to full advantage in "PETE'S DRAGON." Elliott is about 12 feet tall and a bit overweight as far as dragons are concerned, but the animators use this as an advantage for flexibility and he squashes and stretches and bounces and rolls, even his face becomes a flexible mass in the close-up shots with anticipation and follow through for his reactions, fire-breathing scenes and scenes where he playfully scares people by waving his arms, moving his fingers and putting an angry expression on his face. In the film, Elliott is far from the usual characterization of a dragon as a fierce, fire-breathing monster. Elliott breathes fire only two or three times, once when Red Buttons tries to make friends by giving him a dragon-sized shot of whiskey. He and Mickey Rooney flee from the cave, thinking Elliott is aiming to roast them to a crisp, but it's actually a reaction from all that firewater. Another time, he approaches the Gogan family, who have come to town to claim Pete, the foster child they bought and made a virtual slave of on their farm. Elliott approaches them with the audience thinking he will shortly turn into a walking blast furnace, but all he does is emit a small puff of black smoke laughing at the reaction of the family who thought they'd be burned to a crisp in seconds. He does, however, set fire to the bill of sale Shelley Winters holds up repeatedly to claim Pete legally.

Elliott is the first animated character to be put in live settings. In "MARY POPPINS" the live actors jumped into the animated world.

Effects artists worked to perfect the method of making Elliott three dimensional, so he appears to really belong in the scene instead of be-

43 year Disney veteran Ken Anderson, designer of "PETE'S DRAGON," Elliott, (with the dark beard behind 12-year-old Sean Marshall, who played Pete) was also animation art director on the film. Here, Anderson and the crew take a break while discussing the shooting of a scene inside the cave where Red Buttons and Mickey Rooney discover Elliott the Dragon.

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ing painted on.

Another aspect of production which should be brought to light is the lighthouse setting. The film takes place in Passamaquoddy, Maine, about 1908. To change the 1977 backlot of the Disney Studios to turn-of-the-century Maine, Oscar-winning art director Jack Martin Smith was brought on board. He researched Maine of the period and then proceeded to transform a western street set into a town square and wharf area. He spent a quarter of a million dollars giving 30 buildings a facelift and built eight more.

The lighthouse took 115-thousand dollars and 50 men to build on a site overlooking the Pacific south of Morro Bay, California, which resembles the coast of Maine. It's octagonal and 52 feet high. The interiors on the Disney soundstages were fitted with lighthouse equipment of turn-of-the-century vintage, such as the lens which cost an additional six thousand dollars. It's four-and-a-half feet in diameter and eight feet high. Smith made the lenses and designed them to rotate on a grandfather clock weight system. Inside the lens, an authentically duplicated wick sits on an authentic wickstand and casts a beacon from 18 to 25 miles. Special permission had to be gotten from the Coast Guard in case the lamp had to be lit for filming so as not to confuse passing ships.

If you ever visit Disneyland or Disney World in the future after seeing "PETE'S DRAGON," you might see a familiar sight. The lighthouse sets were carefully dismantled and plans are being made to install them as attractions. Smith, by the way, won Oscars for his art direction of "CLEOPATRA" in 1966, "FANTASTIC VOYAGE" in 1968 and "HELLO DOLLY" with Barbra Streisand.

The story concerns an orphan (SEAN MARSHALL) who runs away from the mean Gogan family (SHELLEY WINTERS, PAUL TYSON), with help from his sometimes invisible dragon friend. In Passamaquoddy, he's befriended by the lighthouse keeper (MICKEY ROONEY) and his daugher Nora (HELEN REDDY). (For those who watched Mickey Rooney seeking advice from Lewis Stone in those Andy Hardy films of the 1930s, to now see him as the father of a grown woman, it proves time certainly does fly). Pete tells Elliott to stay invisible, but his presence causes a lot of comedic chaos. Since Elliott is invisible, it's all blamed on Pete. JIM DALE and RED BUTTONS happen into town in the form of Doc Terminus, the traveling medicine show man and assistant Hoagy respectively, who eventually come to believe Elliott is real and conspire with the disheveled Gogans and the townspeople to capture him. Each has a different goal in mind: Doc Terminus wants to use dragon parts for his concoctions and cure-alls, the Gogans want Pete back so he could do all the slaving at their farm, and the townspeople want the fish back offshore, since the economy of the town depends on fishing. The rest of the film depicts how Pete and Elliott break away from their captors, do Doc Terminus in, save the mayor and council from electrocution, get rid of the Gogan family, and in the midst of all this, everyone sees Elliott as a real dragon and not a figment of a strange boy's imagination.

Songs for the film were written by an industrial engineer and a court stenographer. That's what Al Kasha and Joel Hirschorn did before they became songwriters. They've carted away Oscars for "The Morning After" and "We May Never Love Like This Again."

How is the new group of animators received by their mentors? In a 1973 interview, Frank Thomas said, "These young people are a kick in the pants. They're talented, interested and stimulating." Ken Anderson told the Associated Press recently, "They have the same kind of drive and ambition we had in the '30s. Nothing is beyond them."

With that kind of enthusiasm coming from the men who helped develop the art, it seems as if the second generation of Disney animators is headed in the right direction and animated entertainment will continue to come out of Disney Productions.

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NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CARTOON
& HUMOR ASSOCIATION

YOU CAN'T BEAT 4 QUEENS!

CATHY BROWN was honored by the Association for her influence in expanding the use of cartoon art in America's largest circulation newspaper, and for her keen insight into current modes of humor.

She, too, wears the "GOOD GUY" cap. The second award features Association mascot "BAXTER", created by the legendary "Tack" Knight.

Ed Mitchell, the Program Chairman for the NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CARTOON & HUMOR ASSOCIATION, sent us the following tribute to four very talented women in the cartooning field.

By ED MITCHELL

Being program chairman for a non-profit artist-writer group is a lot of work, but it's work that I enjoy. Writing gags in my spare time, and associating with some of the area's most creative cartoonists and genuinely fine people gives me a charge that makes it all worth while.

As a group, we believe we have always been alert to the special contribution made by talented women in a field previously dominated by men. With increasing frequency, women are reaching the top in professional cartooning, and occasionally in editing as well. When they do, it is because of an art style that hits the mark, a sensitivity, a capacity to understand the quicksilver-like evanescence of humor.

In recent months it has been my pleasure to arrange programs in which our association has honored four women who are bright, humorous, articulate and talented. They are tops in their field, and have a rare understanding of cartoon humor.

Our members enjoyed each presentation because each woman came over as a warm, concerned individual, each imparting a special knowledge of her chosen field.

Being a long-time girl watcher, I must add the totally chauvinistic comment that each one is a beautiful lady. Check the accompanying photographs.

Vivian Greene, creator of the KISSES cartoon strip and greeting cards, overcame many road blocks in building her idea into a million dollar business.

Her "GOOD GUY" award cap is perched atop a KISSES turban—her own design, as is the decorated jump-suit.

JANET CLELAND, Hallmark contract artist, works out of her Sausalito home, with a clear and inspiring view of San Francisco bay. A valued member of the NCCHA, Janet wears the Association's "GOOD GUY" award, in recognition of continued excellence in her field.

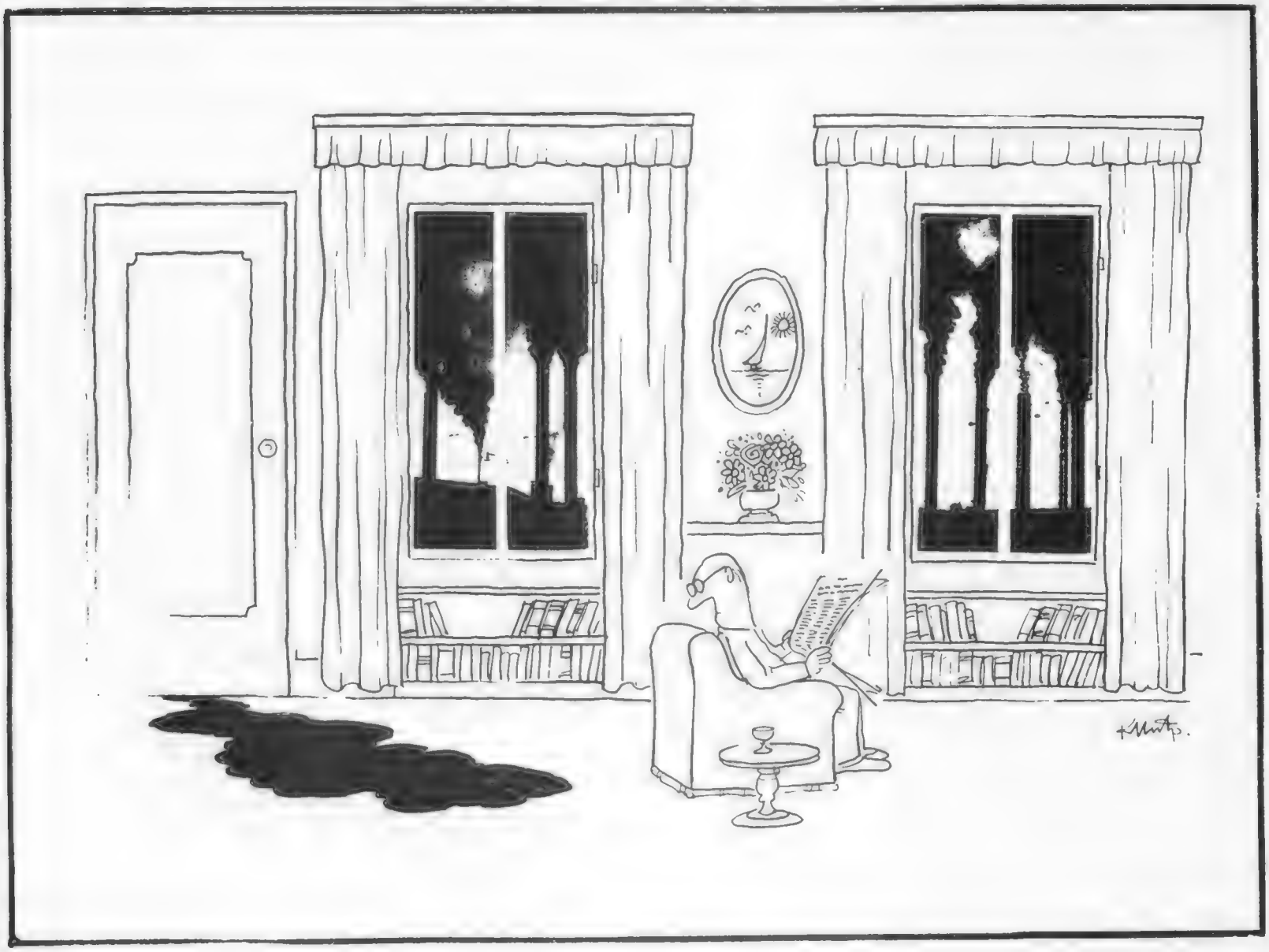
MICHELLE URRY, for ten years Playboy cartoon editor. A keen understanding of humor, particularly that special type demanded by Playboy readers. Knowledgeable about the creative base for humor, Michelle handles a difficult assignment skillfully and is admired by all who are associated with her.

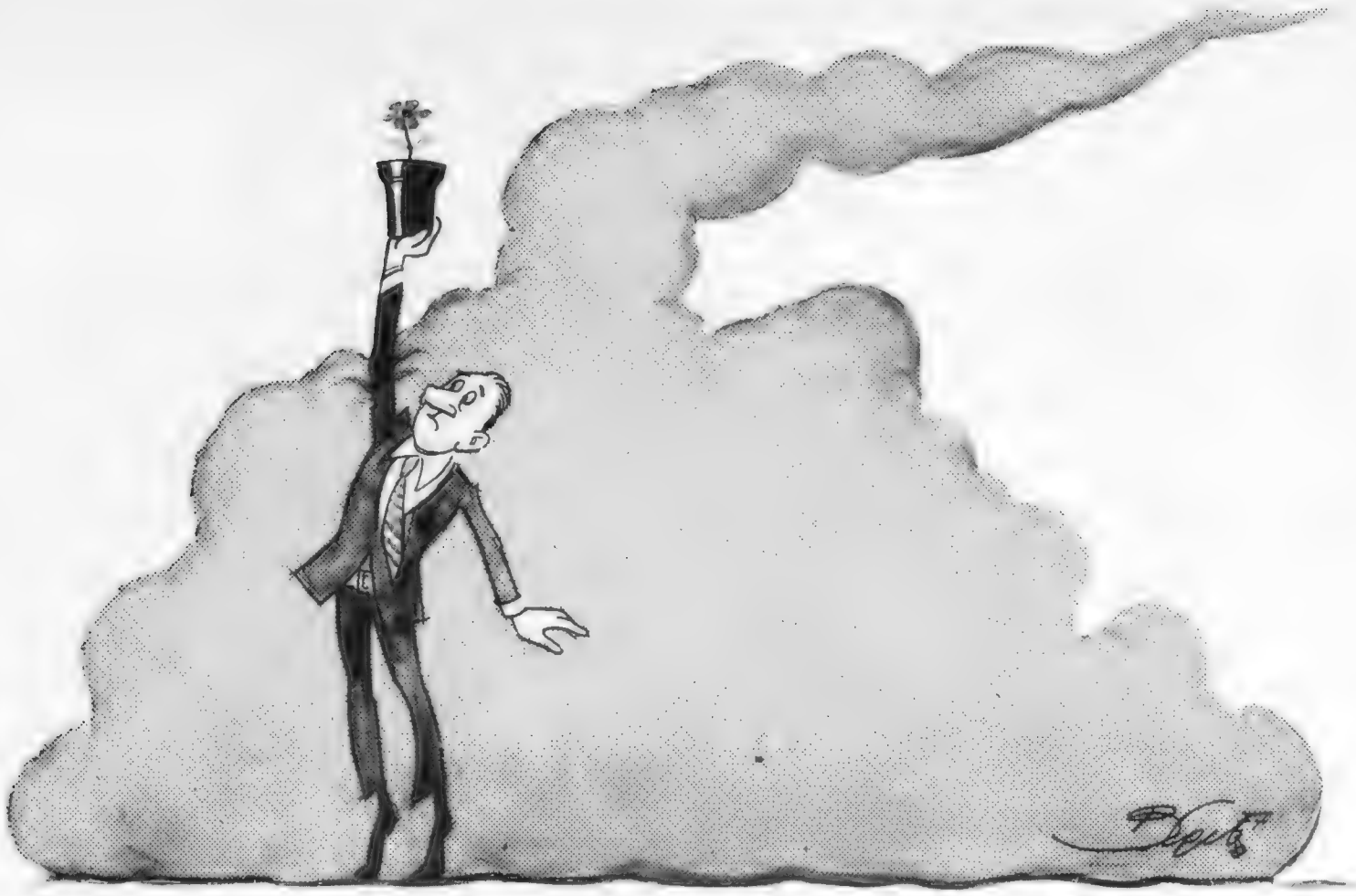
She holds a quick-sketch done by San Francisco cartoonist-caricaturist Jim Brown.

ΠΑΓΚΟΣΜΙΑ ΕΚΘΕΣΗ ΓΕΛΟΙΟΓΡΑΦΙΑΣ 1977

INTERNATIONAL CARTOON EXHIBITION

This past July the INTERNATIONAL CARTOONISTS' FAIR 1977 opened in the Public Gardens of Kifissia, a suburb of Athens, Greece. The theme of the Fair is "Atmosphere Pollution" and our longtime subscriber, N.A. Chryssikakis, has sent some samples of the cartoons that have been exhibited there.

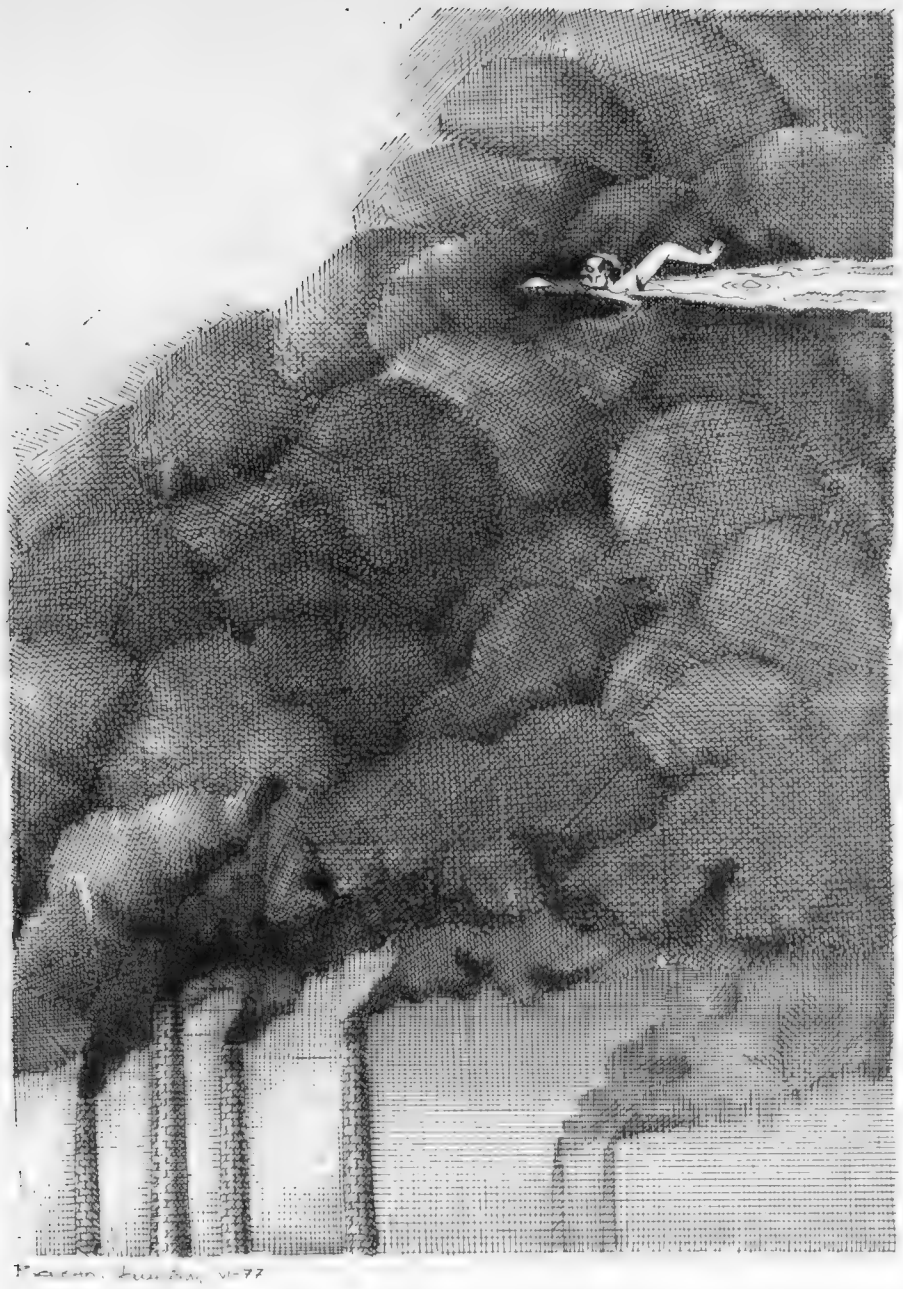


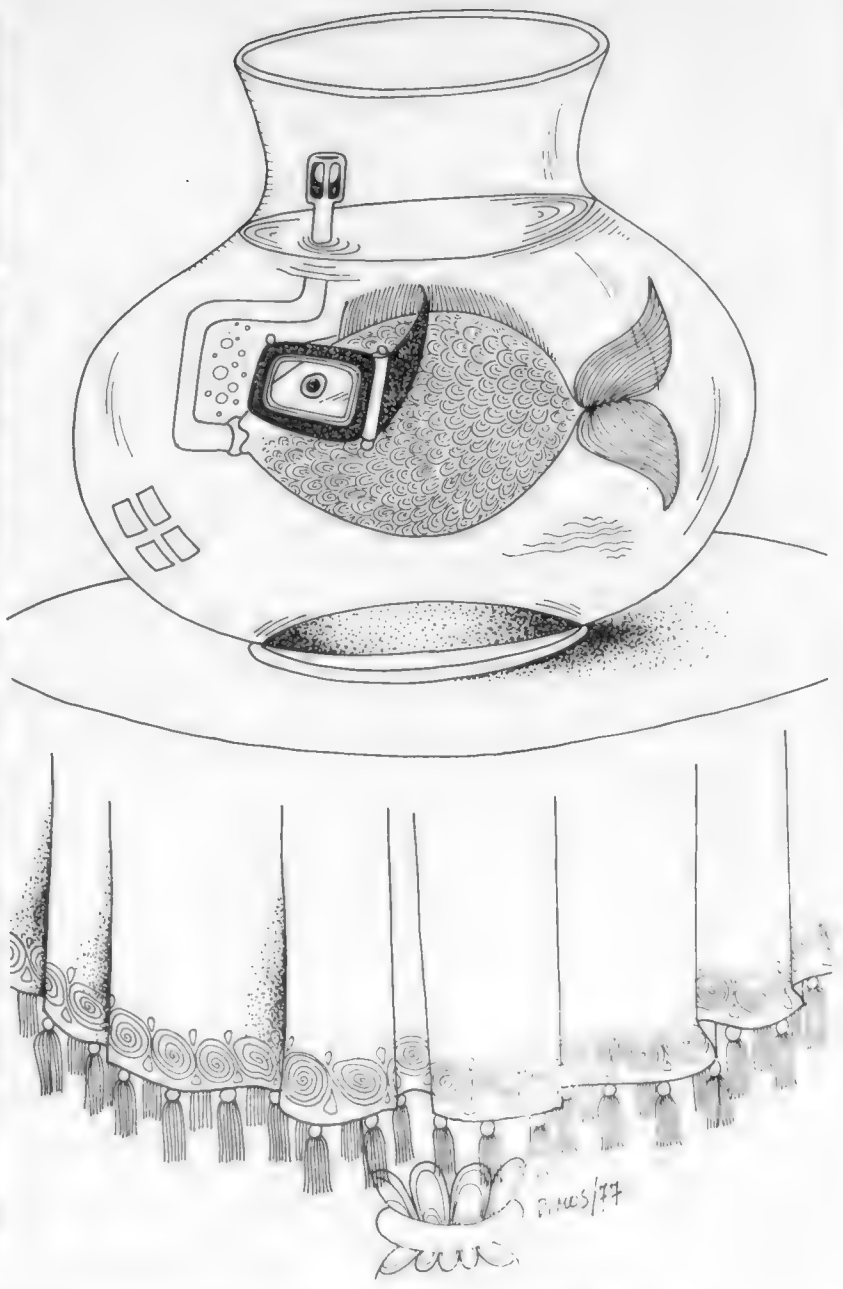


"The Last Drive"

TROJANO

I·10·6·77





Once again the «Smiling Public Prosecutors» – the cartoonists prove their vigilance and sensitivity with the indictment they voice. They stigmatize the most immediate and dangerous offence modern man commits against his own self polluting the environment wherin he breaths, he grows and shapes the values of life.

This is a universal problem. It is the heavy cost the world has to pay to technological progress. It has rightly become the preoccupation of the supreme organization of humanity, i.e. the United Nations. However, cartoonists feel that they too, have a serious role to play along with the officials, those responsible and the experts, i.e. to transmit their agony to the man of the street. And this agony – the awareness of the great, diffuse threat to all – has a salutary power. If all the people, at all levels, do not participate in the great corrective effort, we shall bear the ever increasing repercussions.

It is the privilege of the cartoonists to be able to accomplish their important mission with delightful lightness. They can use humour as a vehicle to agony. Even when their thoughts are bitter, they are able to let the precious process directly associated to smiling, i.e. hope, remain intact.

The Second International Cartoon Exhibition expresses precisely this hope – no matter how sarcastically – for a clean, healthy and beautiful environment upgrading the quality of life of each and everyone. It is indeed with pleasure that we act as hosts for this Exhibition.

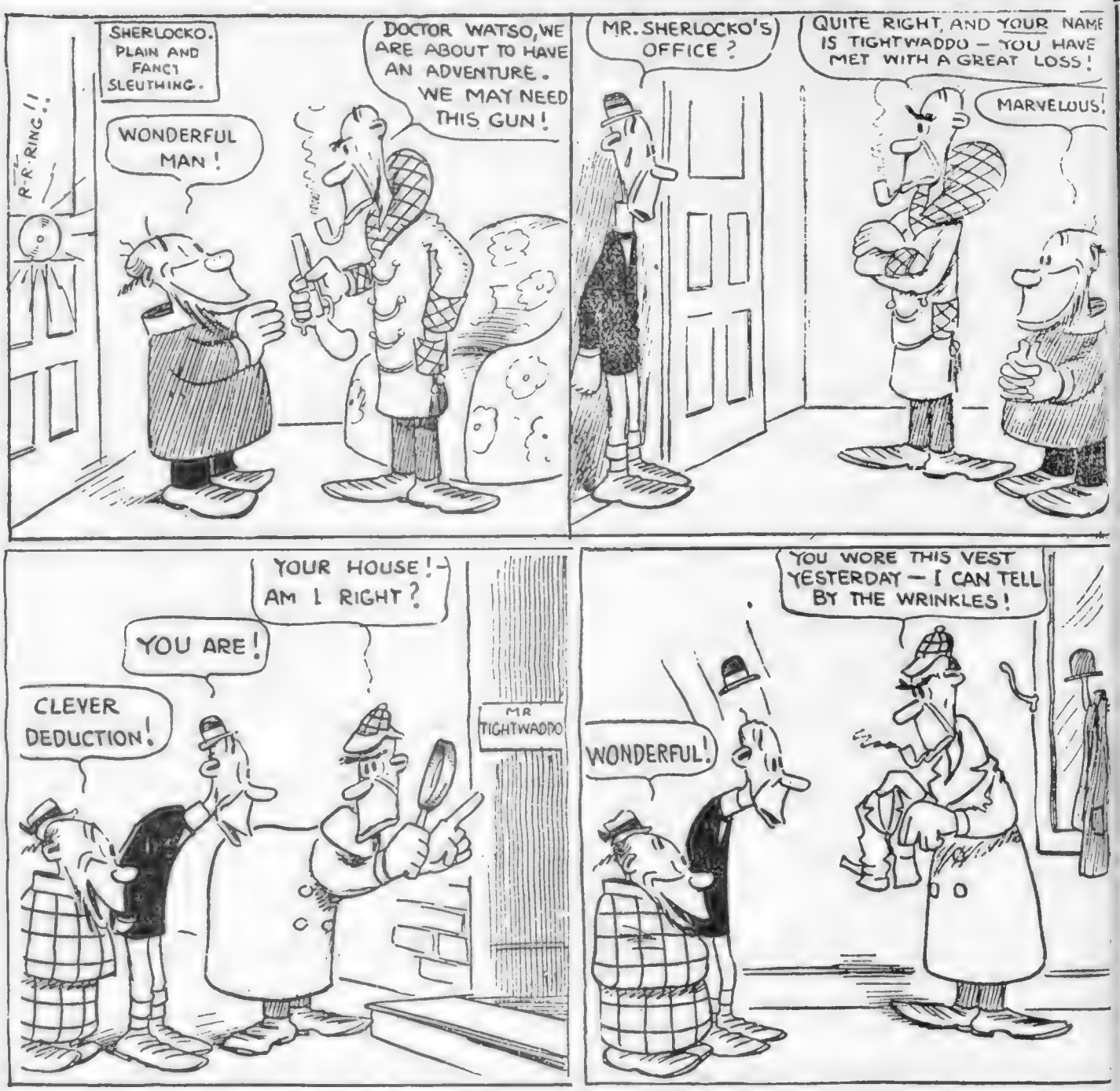
Takis Lambrias
Under – Secretary to the Prime Minister

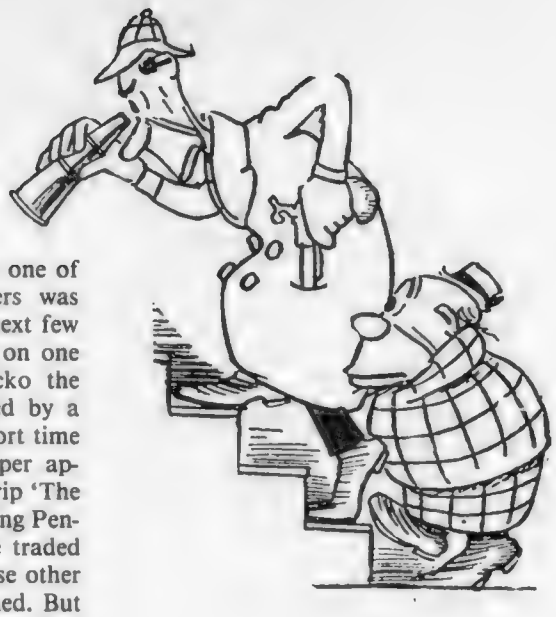
THE HYPERION LIBRARY OF
CLASSIC AMERICAN COMIC STRIPS

Sherlocko The Monk

GUS MAGER

THE ADVENTURE OF TIGHTWADDO AND THE MISSING PENNY / December 9, 1910


R-R-RING!!
SHERLOCKO. PLAIN AND FANCY SLEUTHING.
WONDERFUL MAN!
DOCTOR WATSO, WE ARE ABOUT TO HAVE AN ADVENTURE. WE MAY NEED THIS GUN!
MR. SHERLOCKO'S OFFICE?
QUITE RIGHT, AND YOUR NAME IS TIGHTWADDO — YOU HAVE MET WITH A GREAT LOSS!
MARVELOUS!
YOUR HOUSE! — AM I RIGHT?
YOU ARE!
CLEVER DEDUCTION!
MR TIGHTWADDO
YOU WORE THIS VEST YESTERDAY — I CAN TELL BY THE WRINKLES!
WONDERFUL!



Here is another preview of one of the volumes in The Hyperion Library of Classic American Comic Strips. This volume of SHERLOCKO THE MONK includes the complete first two years of Gus Mager's classic spoof of the Sherlocko Holmes stories—starring the Great Sherlocko and his sidekick, Dr. Watso. (1910-1912).

Here are some comments about the strip from Bill Blackbeard's introduction to the book: Sherlocko the Monk (later Hawkshaw the Detective) was the longest-lived, and best-remembered of the newspaper comic strip burlesques and portrayals of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Bill goes on to tell how the character came about. Gus Mager's quasi-daily Monk strip episodes began in the Hearst newspapers on April 25, 1904. 'Knocko the Monk' started things off and then the strip changed its daily name to fit whichever one of Mager's enlarging gallery of characters was featured in a given episode during the next few years. A 'Tightwaddo the Monk' strip on one day might be followed by a 'Henpecko the Monk' sequence the next day, followed by a 'Groucho the Monk' strip etc. For a short time after Sherlocko made his first newspaper appearance on December 9, 1910 in the strip 'The Adventure of Tightwaddo and The Missing Penny' (which we're reproducing here), he traded places on the daily comic page with these other regular Mager characters we've mentioned. But then the enthusiastic response from the public led to the almost exclusive appearance of 'Sherlocko the Monk' for the two years Mager continued to work for the Hearst papers after 1910. 'Monk,' of course, was a popular abbreviation for 'monkey', and Mager's Monks were a comic-strip refinement of the minimally humanized monkey and ape figures that Mager often featured in his earlier Hearst daily gag panel series called, alternatively, 'Jungle Land' and 'Jungle Society.' According to Bill Blackbeard, when Mager began his first strip series, 'Knocko the Monk,' he apparently had a typical Italian organ-grinder's monkey in mind, and the character's name reflected the tendency of the Italian language to end most words in a vowel. Knocko was very simian in his behavior but he and his fellow characters in the early episodes wore human clothes. Later when Mager introduced his other Monk figures, the humanizing process was extended to every area of dress and setting, so that only a generally simian cast of features was retained with the running Monk titles as a link with the original strip. Bill also mentions that it isn't generally realized but the popular practice in the 1910's of applying Mager-type monk names to one's acquaintances in accordance with their occupations or personalities, was the source of the names of Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Gummo and Zeppo Marx, the famous film comedians. Sherlocko and Watso themselves altered appearance strikingly over the first year of the Sherlocko strip, as you will notice in comparing the strip for December 9, 1910 with the strip for January 20, 1912. By the time of this latter strip, the two characters have largely assumed the classic appearance that was retained for the next three decades through the many years of 'Hawkshaw the Detective.' Hawkshaw, Mager's continuation of the Sherlocko strip with its two chief characters renamed Hawkshaw and the Colonel, made its first appearance in 1913 as a Sunday comic page feature for the New York World after Mager quit the Hearst papers and abandoned the Sherlocko title.

Mager was born to middle-class German immigrant parents in Newark, New Jersey in 1878, and his initial comic inclination lay in the direction of funny animals in their natural jungle habitat, but his editorial bosses soon noted, according to Bill Blackbeard, that the greatest public response was to his apes in various guises and activities, which led to his creation of 'Knocko the Monk.' Mager died in 1956.

Sherlocko the Monk

12/13/10

The Episode of the Magic Word

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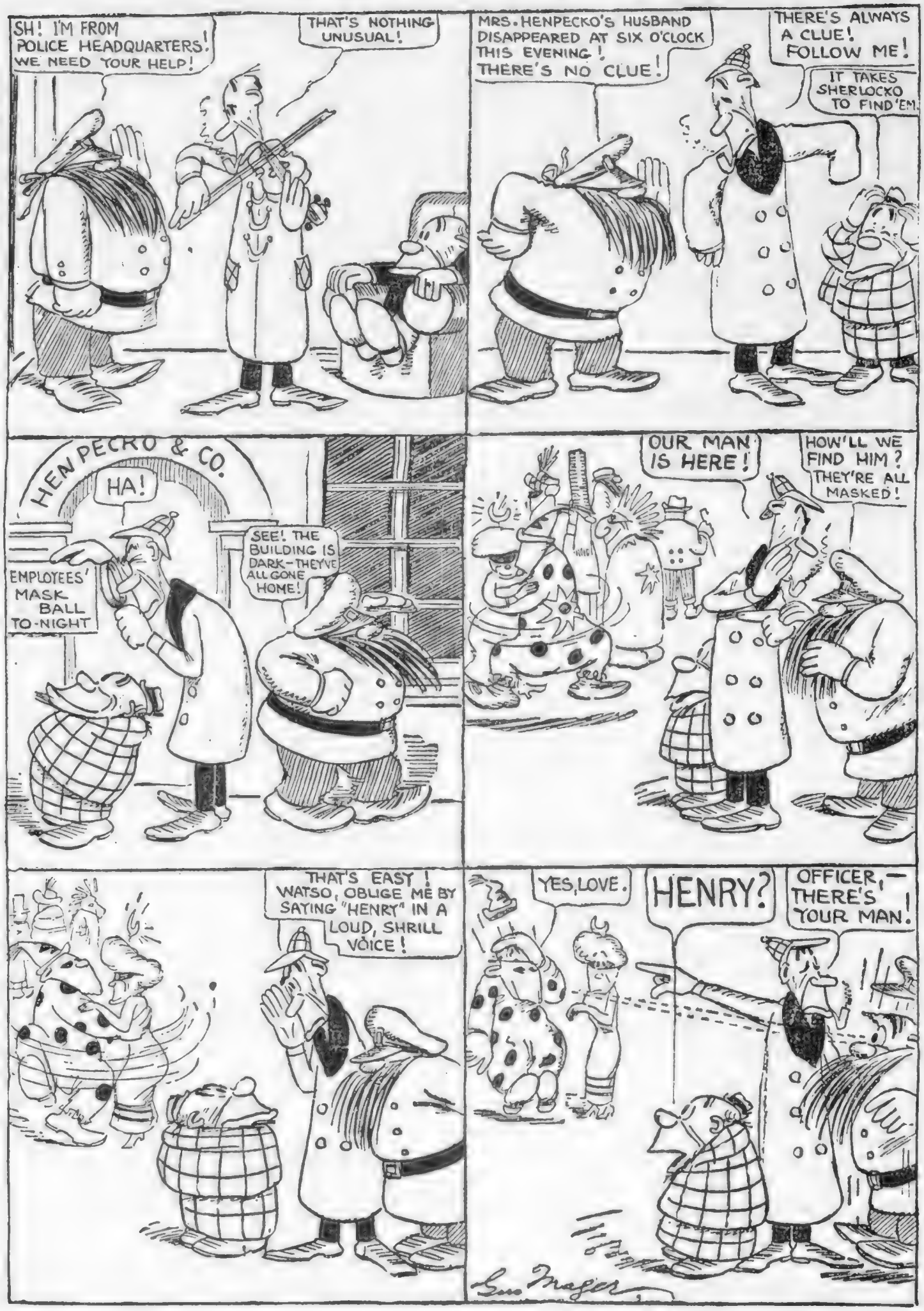

SH! I'M FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS! WE NEED YOUR HELP!
THAT'S NOTHING UNUSUAL!
MRS. HENPECKO'S HUSBAND DISAPPEARED AT SIX O'CLOCK THIS EVENING! THERE'S NO CLUE!
THERE'S ALWAYS A CLUE! FOLLOW ME!
IT TAKES SHERLOCKO TO FIND 'EM.
HENPECKO & CO.
HA!
SEE! THE BUILDING IS DARK - THEY'VE ALL GONE HOME!
EMPLOYEES' MASK BALL TO-NIGHT
OUR MAN IS HERE!
HOW'LL WE FIND HIM? THEY'RE ALL MASKED!
THAT'S EASY! WATSO, OBLIGE ME BY SAYING "HENRY" IN A LOUD, SHRILL VOICE!
YES, LOVE.
HENRY?
OFFICER, — THERE'S YOUR MAN!
Geo Major

Sherlocko the Monk

The Mystery of the Empty Theatre

1/12/11

Copyright, 1911, by the New York Evening Journal Publishing Company

SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO RUIN ME! PEOPLE WON'T COME TO MY THEATRE ANY MORE!
WE MUST LOOK INTO THIS, WATSO.
I'M WITH YOU.
NOT BAD AT ALL,— EH, WATSO?
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELVES, I'M PUTTING ON THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!
RIPPING!
WE'LL STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING DOING HERE!
STRANGE!
BOX OFFICE
BIG VAUDEVILLE SHOW 27 ACTS 27 ALL HEADLINERS
Punk
AHA! THIS LOOKS PROMISING! IT'S WRITTEN WITH CHARCOAL!
AND HERE'S A PIECE OF IT!
THE TRAIL ENDS HERE, WATSO. SEE THE CHARCOAL FINGER MARKS ON THE DOOR!
MARVELOUS!
IT'S KNOCKO!
THERE'S OUR MAN! HE'S TRYING TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE OF HIS CRIME!
THIS SOAP IS PUNK!
Gus Mager

Sherlocko the Monk 12/22/10

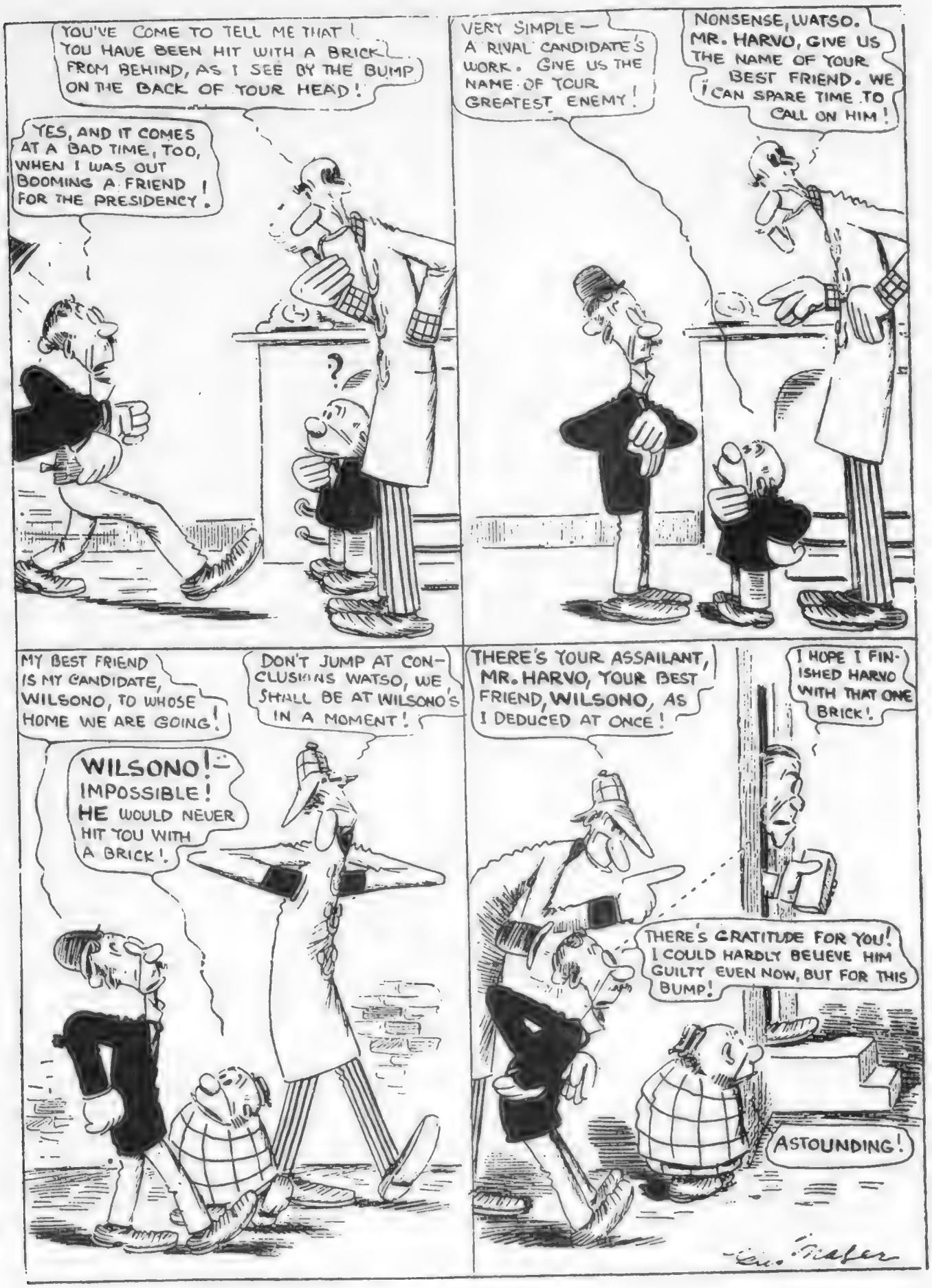
The Mysterious Case of Yanko the Dentist

Copyright, 1910, by the New York Evening Journal Publishing Company.

YANKO THE DENTIST
YES, SOMEBODY'S BEEN TRYING TO BREAK IN DURING MY ABSENCE!
YOU SENT FOR ME?
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, WATSO?
LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A GANG!
YOU'RE WRONG! IT'S A ONE-MAN JOB, AND HE WAS NO BURGLAR!
WHAT?
?
HE WAS 5 FT., 10 IN. TALL, AND HE HAD A TOOTHACHE!
WONDERFUL!
INCREDIBLE!
HE WAS A RED-FACED MAN,- VERY QUICK TEMPERED AND CARRIED A STOUT STICK!
MARVELOUS!
VERY CLEVER!
THERE'S YOUR MAN!
IT'S GROUCHO!
YES, I DID THIS AND I'LL WRECK THE WHOLE JOINT IF YOU DON'T PULL THIS TOOTH IN A HURRY!

Sherlocko the Monk

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE TWO FRIENDS / January 20, 1912


YOU'VE COME TO TELL ME THAT YOU HAVE BEEN HIT WITH A BRICK FROM BEHIND, AS I SEE BY THE BUMP ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD!
YES, AND IT COMES AT A BAD TIME, TOO, WHEN I WAS OUT BOOMING A FRIEND FOR THE PRESIDENCY.
?
VERY SIMPLE— A RIVAL CANDIDATE'S WORK. GIVE US THE NAME OF YOUR GREATEST ENEMY!
NONSENSE, WATSO. MR. HARVO, GIVE US THE NAME OF YOUR BEST FRIEND. WE CAN SPARE TIME TO CALL ON HIM!
MY BEST FRIEND IS MY CANDIDATE, WILSONO, TO WHOSE HOME WE ARE GOING!
DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS WATSO, WE SHALL BE AT WILSONO'S IN A MOMENT!
WILSONO!— IMPOSSIBLE! HE WOULD NEVER HIT YOU WITH A BRICK!
THERE'S YOUR ASSAILANT, MR. HARVO, YOUR BEST FRIEND, WILSONO, AS I DEDUCED AT ONCE!
I HOPE I FINISHED HARVO WITH THAT ONE BRICK!
THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU! I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIM GUILTY EVEN NOW, BUT FOR THIS BUMP!
ASTOUNDING!
Geo. Fisher

The Atlanta Journal

Covers Dixie Like the Dew

LOU ERICKSON

This past August your editor had a pleasant get-together in Atlanta with LOU ERICKSON, the longtime editorial cartoonist of the ATLANTA JOURNAL. At several of the annual conventions of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, we've told Lou that we'd like to publish his story and we're pleased that we've finally managed it.

Q: Would you recommend cartooning, and particularly editorial cartooning, as a profession, Lou?

A: Cartooning is the only field I've ever cared about, ever since I started tracing comics when I was 6 years old. It's the most satisfying job a man could have and I'd probably starve if I had to make a living any other way. Cartooning gives you a platform, a chance to have your say, to express yourself, and I'm fortunate to have an editor who lets me select my own topics.

Q: What's your daily schedule like?

A: We're an afternoon newspaper and I come in about 7:30 A.M., generally with my idea for the day's editorial cartoon already in mind. In addition to the 6 cartoons a week which I do, I write the 'Lou's News' column each day, and generally both cartoon and column are done by about 11 A.M. After lunch I do some reading and I may rough out an idea for the next day's cartoon.

Q: Were your parents in favor of your becoming an artist?

A: No—they were absolutely against the idea because the Seattle Post-Intelligencer contained lurid accounts of the bohemian life of artists in New York. I grew up in the State of Washington and a woman high school teacher I had was really the only person who encouraged me in my ambition. Because of her suggestions, I got through geography by drawing maps full of cartoons, through biology by drawing animated bugs, and through civics by doing a daily editorial cartoon which was posted on the bulletin board. And for my history class, I did a daily comic strip depicting the lessons we were studying. By the way, I flunked algebra and geometry because I couldn't cartoon those subjects. I graduated 13th in a class of 13.

Q: You graduated in the depression, didn't you?

A: Yes, and I went into the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) which the government set up to provide jobs for the unemployed. We fought forest fires, built bridges, etc., and in addition I did a little mimeographed newsletter which consisted mostly of cartoons. Incidentally, before this I had had sort of an opinionated feeling about easterners, but I discovered that they were just the same as I was. You see the CCC usually assigned one away from home so that it wouldn't be quite as easy for a new recruit to resign from the corps. So I was thrown together with a lot of Brooklyn boys.

Q: I know that your career has involved an unusual number of interesting experiences—so keep going.

A: Well, a reporter for the Spokane Daily Chronicle, who happened to be doing a story on the CCC camps, saw this little newsletter I was producing, and so I got a job later as a copy boy with the opportunity to do cartoons and little spots. Eventually an efficiency expert came in and Lou Erickson went out. For a time I sold newspaper subscriptions with a team that went around to a number of states. During this period of selling door-to-door, people would tell us in no uncertain terms what they didn't like, and I found this good training for a budding editorial cartoonist.

Somewhere along the line I spent a year at Whitworth College in Spokane and acted as babysitter and dishwasher for the college president's kids in order to earn my way. When I had to take Old Testament History on top of all this, I left college.

Then there was a period of some bumming around, riding freight trains, etc.—a lot of people were doing this during those years. I landed in L.A. and went to work for the Southern Pacific as a trouble shooter, locating lost freight cars all over the U.S.

Q: Were you doing any cartooning during this period?

A: Only in letters home and those I wrote to friends. When Pearl Harbor came, I enlisted in the Air Force and wound up in an Air Force Guard Squadron for 4 years, going across the country picking up AWOLs and returning them to Sheppard Field in Wichita Falls, Texas. However, during my service, I drew a comic strip "Separate Rations" for the Army Times. This dealt with the experiences of the man who lives off the base with his family. After the Air Force I went to work for a PR agency in Dallas as a copywriter and artist. Following that I came to Atlanta with a chance to draw for the 'Christian Index,' a Baptist publication. I had had no formal art training but I was drawing constantly.

Then, in 1951, I came to the advertising art department of the Atlanta Journal, and to begin with did mostly cartoon illustrations for ads with lots of pasteup work thrown in. That was 26 years ago and I'm still here. While I was in the ad art department, I was doing illustrations for one of the paper's popular columnists—Hugh Park—and as a result of this, I was moved into the news art department. To give

GLIMMER OF LIGHT

WAVE OF THE FUTURE

'THAT TOWN'S TOO DANGED BUSY FOR US TO HOLD 'EM UP, PARDNER!'

"It's a talking machine that can't talk worth a damn. Lance Bert...Lance Bert...Lance Bert...Lance Bert..."

Lou's News

LOU ERICKSON

Wish you could hear my son's stereo. Perhaps you have. . .

. . .if you live within a mile of my home.

* * *

You have never in your life heard such an agonized wailing, squalling, whining and bellowing. Not his records.

Me.

* * *

The record player portion broke (probably a case of exhausted self-destruct) and it took almost two months for the stereo service company to repair it. I recommend that business. . .

. . .for this year's humanitarian service award.

Lou's News

LOU ERICKSON

Consider the Soviet assessment of Elvis Presley: "mercilessly tossed out onto the scrap heap of those who have gone out of fashion." Consider the block-long lines of those waiting to get Presley concert tickets. Then consider Russian roulette. Obviously, the right Russians. . .

. . .never play it.

* * *

Idi Amin's diplomats in the Big Apple have three cars which have earned 1,761 traffic citations in 11 months. Foreign diplomats are served 200,000 traffic tickets annually and, thanks to diplomatic immunity, ignore almost all of them. So add foreign diplomats to your list of traffic problems: urban, suburban. . .

. . .and bourbon.

* * *

But then traffic is a problem for all of us. And let's not be too harsh in our criticism. After all, if God had intended us to walk. . .

. . .we would not have been born with cars.

Lou's News

LOU ERICKSON

Another school year. I hear that emphasis, this year, will be on teaching children how to be parents.

That should make for some interesting homework.

* * *

I smoke and I drink. My 8th-grader doesn't. I use profanity and leer and lust. My son doesn't. Teaching children to be parents?

Maybe the schools should teach parents to be parents.

* * *

It's such courses that creates the problems we have in the schools. The North DeKalb Kiwanis Club newsletter explained it: In the span of something like three quarters of a century this country has gone from the little red school house to the big consolidated school house. . .

. . .in the red.

Lou's News

LOU ERICKSON

First, the good news: Transportation, according to our municipal leaders, is the life blood of the city. And, now, the bad news: Our life blood, during the daily traffic crush on Peachtree and the expressways, is suffering. .

. . .from clogged arteries.

* * *

Georgia drivers are using radar detectors installed on dashboards to outsmart the State Patrol. The only people who let the world go by these days.

. . .are those obeying the 55 m.p.h. speed limit.

* * *

And, speaking of crime in the streets. . .

. . .have you priced a new car lately!

Lou's News

LOU ERICKSON

Some folks wouldn't read a newspaper, book or magazine. . .

. . .even if it were banned.

* * *

Others demand the right to read what they find interesting. Publishers of men's magazines are going to court, charging Solicitor Hinson McAuliffe is obsessed with. . .

. . .extra censory perception.

* * *

Censorship is an iron curtain; free press, a picture window. Let one of our freedoms be restricted and other freedoms will follow. Censorship, unrestrained, can lead to the eventual ridiculous ruling that even "Miss Lillian" Carter's books be sent through the mail only. . .

. . .if they were mailed in a Plains brown wrapper.

Lou's daily newspaper column

The Democrat-Republican cartoons on these pages are from Lou Erickson's book, 'It Takes One To Know One'.

REPUBLICANS ATTEND AVANT-GARDE PLAYS TO VIEW PLOTS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND
DEMOCRATS WATCH OLD SHIRLEY TEMPLE MOVIES TO VIEW PLOTS THEY DO UNDERSTAND

you an idea of the volume of work I had, on some Sundays I'd have as many as 13 cartoons in the paper, illustrating sports, news items, feature stories, women's pages, serial stories. And these were in addition to the 3 or 4 of mine which appeared in the daily paper. All of this was terrific experience. I also did full-pages in color for the 'Dixie Living' section.

Q: About this time you got a real break, didn't you?

A: John Somerville, then the editorial cartoonist, quit and every morning thereafter I would slip an editorial cartoon of mine under the editor's door before he came in. Nobody told me to do this but I guess eventually he got tired of stooping over to pick them up and gave me the job as political cartoonist!

Q: Had you had an interest particularly in doing political cartoons before this, Lou?

A: Well, as you know, I'd been doing cartoons since childhood but they didn't have any meaning. But this one teacher in my high school civics class, as I mentioned earlier, encouraged me to do cartoons in her class and from then on my stuff did have meaning. The response that the cartoons got from fellow students made me want to keep on working in that direction.

Q: How do you happen to be writing a daily humor column, 'Lou's News' in addition to your editorial cartoons?

A: When I became the Journal's political cartoonist, I also began writing editorials and columns because it seemed another way of getting my ideas across. I like words and what you can do with them.

Q: I'd like to include a sample of the column along with this story. Incidentally, after you'd grown up in the Northwest, what eventually drew you to the South?

A: I read everything I could about the South and I guess always wanted to move here. Of course I thought it was going to grow, and as a cartoonist, I was intrigued by the racial issues, and the potential conflict which was inevitable because the blacks were so obviously disadvantaged.

Q: You've mentioned that your idol of all time, as far as cartooning was concerned, in the 1930's and 1940's, was a man who inspired the same feeling in so many cartoonists.

A: Yes—Roy Crane!

HOMECOMING

Grand Marshal of the 100-unit Homecoming Parade at the University of Missouri, MORT WALKER, passes by the prize-winning display.

Q: Mort, how did you happen to become the Grand Marshal of the Homecoming Parade at the University of Missouri ?

A: The Homecoming Committee asked me if they could use the theme—'Beetle Bailey Comes Home'. Often they just ask a local politician to crown the queen but this time they decided to do something different and I really wasn't prepared for all they actually came up with! I almost didn't go but a reporter who interviewed me over the phone said, "Be sure and bring your camera because there are some decorations with Beetle Bailey on them." So I finally made the trip.

When I got down there, I found the whole town decorated with Beetle Bailey banners—all the fraternities and sororities and dormitories, were covered, even the football field was plastered with great big banners. The students had made figures out of chicken wire and stuffed them with crepe paper—it was almost like the Rose Bowl Parade and it included 100 units! There must have been 50 fraternities and sororities and dormitories that were decorated and the parade wound down around through their displays. It was a funny thing—even the big signboard on the motel which usually carries a welcome to some visiting group, read 'Welcome Home, Beetle Bailey'. The kids really went all out—on the cover of the magazine, on the program, everywhere!

Q: Our readers who know you, Mort, realize you're too modest to tell about all this hoopla unless we pry it out of you. But what else happened?

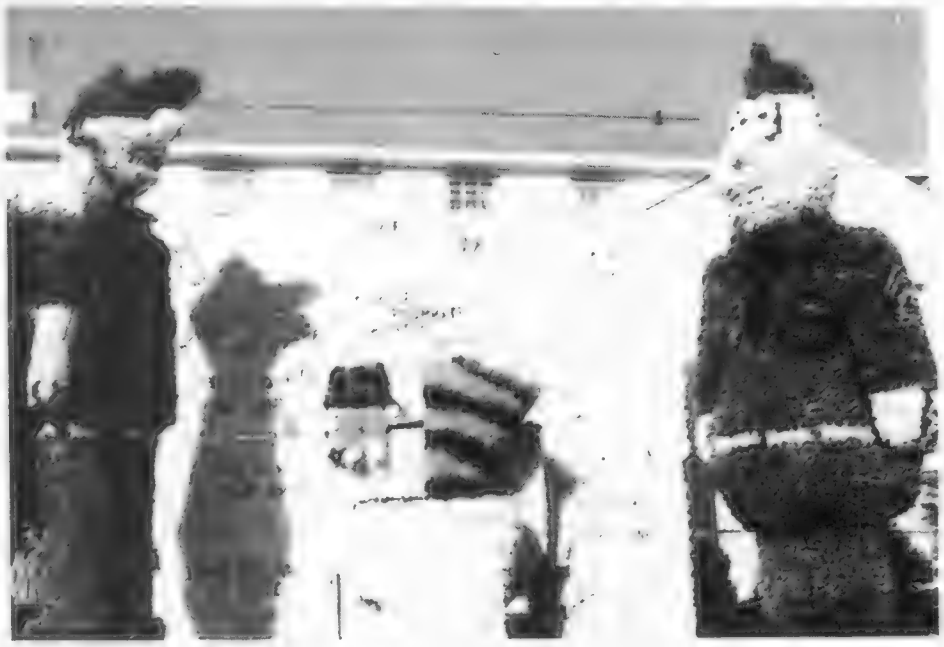
A: Well, there was a luncheon attended by about 2500 people and Beetle Bailey banners were in evidence everywhere. At one point I was introduced so that there was a steady stream of old friends coming up and shaking hands. By the time I left there, everybody was completely saturated with the whole business. Funny thing—a couple of young people were assigned as my guides, to drive me around, etc., and one of them told a friend, "I'm going to be a guide for Mort Walker." The friend said, "Who's that?" And the first guy replied, "You won't say that *a week* from now!"

Q: I guess you were really overwhelmed.

A: Some of the figures were tremendously impressive—30 feet high, animated with moving parts. For instance a huge Beetle was standing on one side of a fraternity house, tossing a football to a 30-foot Sarge on the other side. The ball traveled between the two on a wire, their mouths moved and lights inside the figures made their eyes flash. Most years the Homecoming committee usually has to figure out displays having to do with football rivalries so that this whole thing was a welcome relief to them I guess. Believe it or not but each one of the displays had a show that went with it, including a script, with loudspeakers and the whole works. The night before the game they blocked off all the traffic in what they call 'Greek Town', and people walked around to each of the displays to see the shows which lasted for about 10 or 15 minutes each. As they stood in front of each house they were treated to gags, humor and music, and they even saw characters who came out on tracks, walked, fell over, etc.

Q: Tell again that funny story that came about because your wife, Jean, decided not to go with you to Missouri.

A: She wasn't able to get babysitters, etc., but the committee down there wasn't aware of this late change of plans. I was in the lead jeep, driven by a soldier, and it was decorated with a sign reading, 'Mr. and Mrs. Mort Walker'. Then at the last minute they asked last year's queen to ride with me, and so everybody looked at us as though we were 'Mr. and Mrs.' She was kind of embarrassed by the whole thing. As we passed one particular point I heard somebody say, "Why'd she marry an old guy like that?" Naturally, we got a big laugh out of that.



some of the scenes Mort talks about.

ALMOST ALL THE PICTURES ON THE PRECEEDING PAGES HAVE THESE THINGS IN COMMON WHICH MIGHT BE CALLED

"OUR GOAL"

A PRETTY FACE...

...DRAWN SIMPLY AND WITH CARE

Roy Crane

SCRAPBOOK

GRACEFUL CURVES EVEN TO THE FINGERTIPS

NICE HAIR

INTERESTING ACTION TO COMMAND ATTENTION

SMALL WAISTS, FEET, ANKLES

SIMPLICITY

AND NEVER MIND WHAT A GIRL REALLY LOOKS LIKE.

TWO VERY SIMILAR FACES. THIS ONE HAS A COME-HITHER WARMTH AND A SENSE OF HUMOR

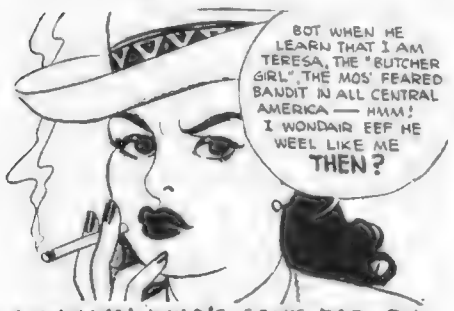
THIS ONE'S COLD, CALCULATING, EVEN CRUEL.

WHAT DO THESE SUGGEST? INNOCENSE?

VIRTUE BETRAYED?

THIS BABY-FACE HAS BEEN AROUND

SAME HERE IN A DIFFERENT WAY, PERHAPS


BOT WHEN HE LEARN THAT I AM TERESA, THE "BUTCHER GIRL", THE MOS' FEARED BANDIT IN ALL CENTRAL AMERICA — HMM! I WONDAIR EEF HE WEEL LIKE ME THEN?

A WOMAN WHO'S GONE BAD, BUT HAS RETAINED A CONSCIENCE.

SHE HAS NO CONSCIENCE

CLEVER, SOPHISTICATED, SHE TOYS WITH MEN.

FRIVOLOUS FLIRT

INNOCENSE, OR SMOULDERING FIRE?

"JUST CALL ME WOLFIE." ANYTHING GOES

SPOILED BRAT

COLD, TREACHEROUS, NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

WHAT A VARIETY OF EYES AND LIPS! NO TWO ALIKE. SEARCH FOR CHARACTER IN THE EYES AND LIPS.

AND HOW TO MAKE THEM DISTINCTIVE

FIRST, AS WITH MEN, LEARN HER DOMINANT CHARACTER TRAIT.

IS SHE TO BE BAD, GLAD, OR SAD? INNOCENT, SOPHISTICATED, OR ALOOF? LIVELY OR DEMURE? A SCHEMER OR A DREAMER? ETC.

WHAT IS TO BE HER INTENDED IMPACT ON THE READER? HER GENERAL ATTITUDE?

ONLY WHEN YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS CAN YOU BE EXPECTED TO WORK OUT A SATISFACTORY CHARACTER.

START WITH THE HAIR. BRUNETTE OR BLONDE? LONG OR SHORT? STRAIGHT OR CURLY?

THEN THE FACE. SHOULD IT BE OVAL? ROUND?

OBLONG?

TRIANGULAR?

OR EVEN DIAMOND-SHAPED?

WHAT TYPE EYES AND LIPS?

WHAT COLOR EYES?

SINCE A WOMAN'S HAIR OFTEN COVERS THE SHAPE OF HER HEAD, CONSIDER ONLY THE SHAPE OF HER FACE.

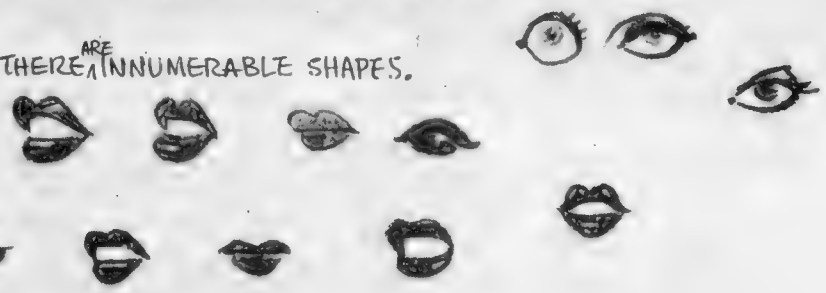
LOOK FOR WAYS TO MAKE PEOPLE DIFFERENT WITHOUT APPEARING ODD.

TYPES.

AS IN THE CASE WITH MEN, IT'S A MATTER OF PUTTING TOGETHER A JIGSAW PUZZLE

BEST BETS FOR GETTING INDIVIDUALITY:

1. THE HAIR.
2. THE EYES. THERE ARE INNUMERABLE SHAPES.
3. THE LIPS.



THESE ARE BUT A FEW. STUDY OTHER PICTURES ON THESE PAGES.

4. THEIR RELATIONSHIP, ONE WITH ANOTHER.

FOR EXAMPLE: IS THE UPPER LIP LONG OR SHORT? IS THE CHIN SHORT, WEAK, ROUNDED, POINTED, CLEFT, ETC? HOW LONG THE NOSE? IS THE FACE BROAD, OR LONG, AND HOW SHAPED? HOW DO THEY FIT TOGETHER?

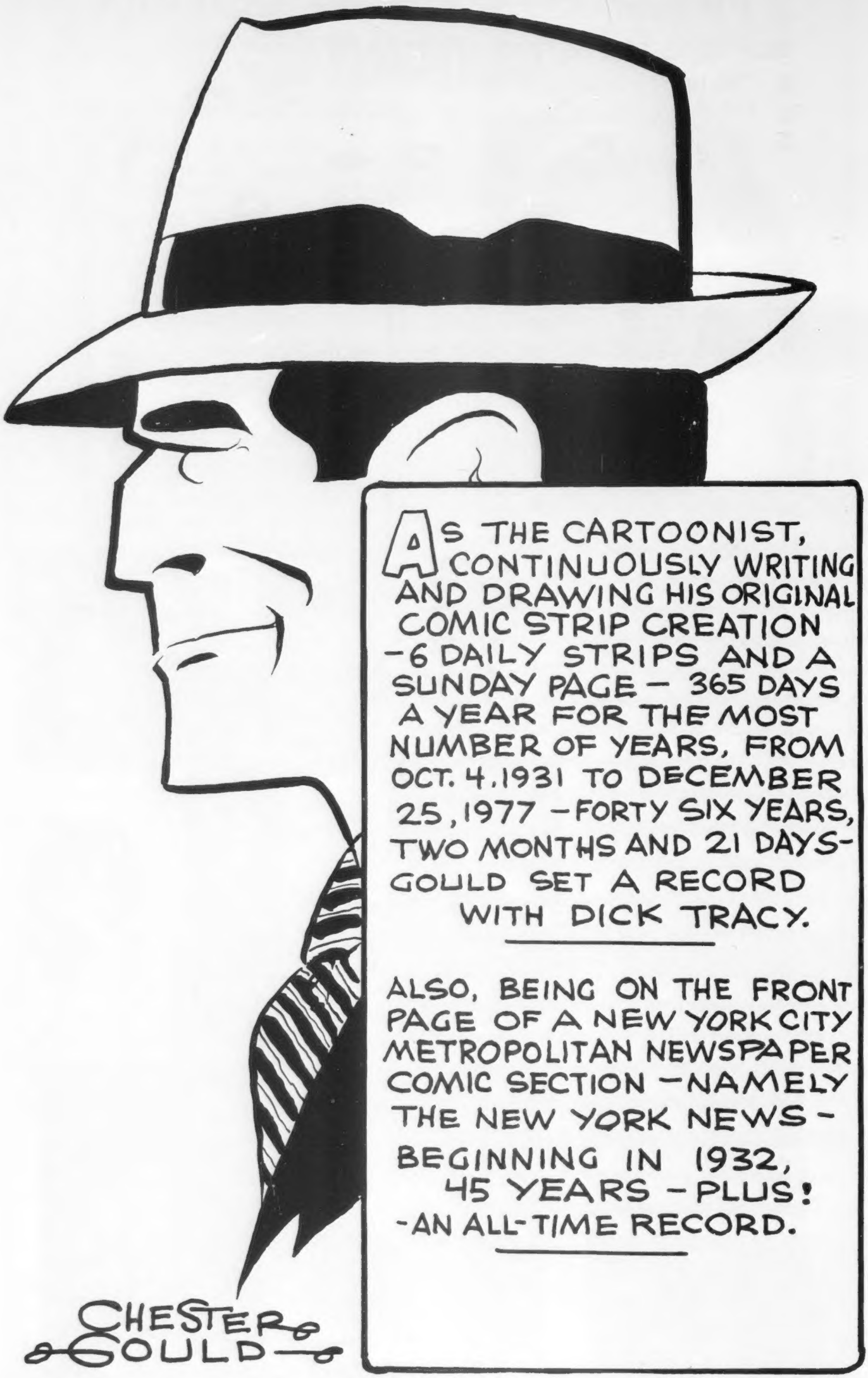
EVEN FAT GIRLS CAN BE PRETTY.

THE PROFILE AND THE NOSE OFFER POSSIBILITIES...

...THO THERE ARE LIMITS TO HOW FAR YOU CAN GO AND STILL RETAIN BEAUTY.

ONE GIRL

AND ANOTHER. NO MATTER THE ANGLE OR EXPRESSION, SHE MUST BE RECOGNIZABLE.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